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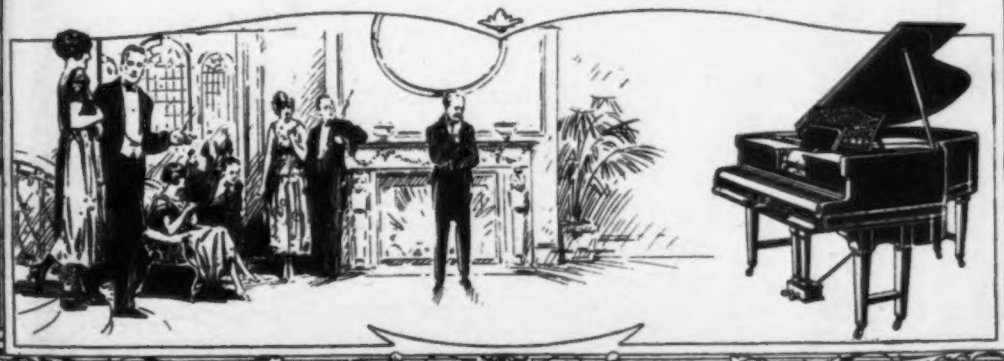

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by Austin Harrison

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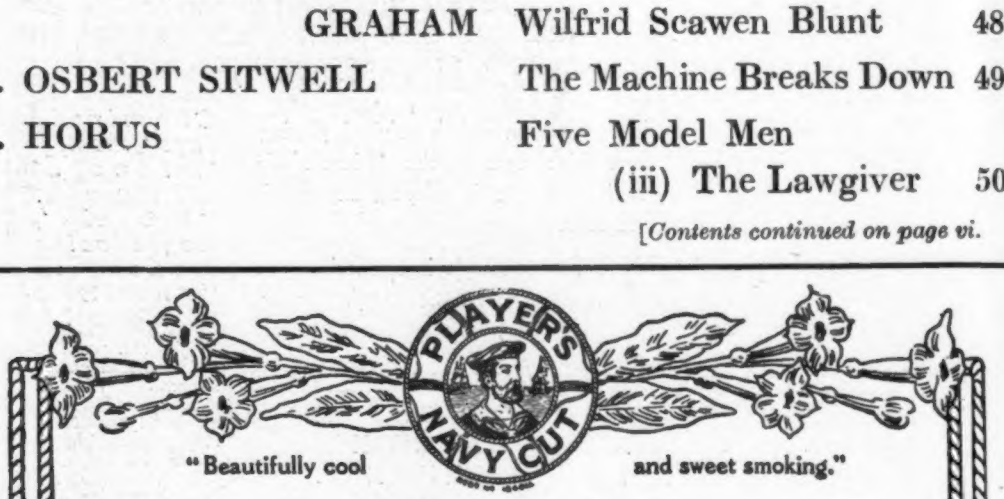

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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
DECEMBER, 1922.

Exiled

By Dorothy Wellesley

WHITE-SKINNED, the birch trees on the upland ridge
Stand shivering, with a crescent shining through;
The water-fowls cry out across the sedge;
The stars burn through the blue.

I have known folly; like the Jewish king;
Like him despair, and weariness of breath;
And life ablaze with fortune a little thing;
And I have drunk of death.

Here one by one the birds go out of song;
Below the wheat-field in the windless brake
The tall white flowers struck breathless in a throng,
Wait, tremulous, awake.

So still and wide and lucent is the night,
Night creatures, bats and owls, and harsh nightjars,
Are hushed with sounds of earth, shamed by the white
Proud blazing of the stars.

Inside the circling trees, the gabled roof
With orange windows, cries me back: in there
Tired men tap pipes, and women thread the woof
With lamplight on their hair.

Shall I return, and staring through the glass
Like an old ghost tale, yearn towards the light?
Starved, wistful, like dead pariahs who pass
Into an outer night?

And think: " Have these men sweated sick with shame?
Shivered with loneliness, set horror free? "
Oh men and women, pure, secure of blame,
What have you given to me?

What have I merited? Your ways were sweet;
Your love was not for me—you reaped the grain,
Loved bright brown eyes of dogs, and children's feet;
What can you know of pain?

My words disturbed your calm; you sighed and said:
" He talks with so much passion." Women, men,
Silence disturbed you too. When I am dead,
Will you forgive me then?

The Isle of Winds

By T. Davidson-Arnott

O CORAL sands that stretch white arms, and fain
Would find me when I lose myself in sleep!
By sea-blown roads and fields of arrowed cane
The shadowy Isle of Winds my fancies sweep—
Ere waking fires the sea-rim may attain
And straight the azure Caribbean leap!

A waste of rainy roofs my vision bounds,
Their outlines disentangling in the dawn;
Yet to me soars above my city sounds
The shrill of ocean winds o'er reefs whereon
The wildly-rolling surf forever pounds:
Ah! When I think what splendour will anon
At one flash light your thousand leagues of blue . . .
How throbs my heart!—My heart that flies to you!

Love's Ethic

By C. H. Lay

My love is as a garden, I the vine
That trails about its path and shaded shrine.
Fain would I sing the fairness of a day,
How Love beguileth in the month of May.
How shall I sing when lips are pressed to mine?
How shall I sing while breezes softly blow?
When blossoms tip the boughs with rose and snow?

Wanton to sigh for all the years I spent
In search for that and this with argument,
How shall I sigh when in Love's arms I lie?
Fain would I sing the fairness of a day
By Love made glorious in this month of May.
Sweet breeze blow softly, blow thou blossomed spray.

O tender Love I pray thee give respite
That next embraces may the more delight.
O lady with those hands of thine so white
Pluck me a reed unbroken, let me write.
Sweet breeze blow softly, blow thou blossomed spray.
How shall I write while waiting lips invite?

O lady with those hands of yours so fair
Crush me the tulip's bubble in your hair,
To make me ink all rosy red and rare,
That I may fitly write of this fair day.
Sweet breeze blow softly, blow thou blossomed spray.

O Love but lend me your white marble breast,
Delightful tablet for the ink you pressed,
So my poor words without may well attest,
Your thoughts within complete the palimpsest.
What use to write when Love is manifest?
Sweet breeze sing softly, blow thou blossomed spray.

So here's the tablet, here's the ink—Ah pain
  Of my heart weeping in the past again!
My heart that wasted all those weary years
  In learning sorrow, discontent, and fears.
Love makes life shine, poor knowledge only smears.
  Sweet breeze cry softly, blow thou blossomed spray.
I sing how Love and this fair month of May
  Lead me to life from learning far away.

The thrush is throbbing on the burning bough.
  He flutes it loud " Enow, Enow, Enow."
In love with life and love this month of May.
  How can I write, my thrush on Love's own bough?
Sweet breeze sigh softly, blow thou blossomed spray.

How many seasons hiding from life's light,
  How many seasons passed in Love's despite,
I learnt all day and thought through half the night?
  Knowing no rest, having but one desire,
A mind that did to learning sole aspire.
  Hold on old sage, but let me have my say.
Blow softly breeze, blow thou emblossomed spray.

Huge works I saw and read and understood,
  Both true and false, yet knew the bad from good.
Despoiled life's origins of mystery
  And saw the pride of man creep from the sea.
Talk on old sage, but let me have my say,
  Sweet breeze blow softly, blow thou blossomed spray.

How many laughed at me and my poor cares
  Nor understood, nor cared, the more fault theirs.
The wiser man with ignorance forbears,
  And wisdom's self discerneth but a part
Till Spring with Love hath whispered in the heart.

Poor learning, mankind's curse, thou art not real,
  The truth of life is but the right to feel,
And hunchback thought slow hobbles toward the view
  Fair instinct at one spring attaineth to.
Thus hath love taught me on this fairest day.
  Sweet breeze blow softly, blow thou blossomed spray.

Red lips of thine to kiss, red blossoms blown,
  Erase the past, the knowledge now unknown.
'Twas then you came to me, my love most fair,
  Twining soft arms about my neck, your hair
Clung to my flesh as if 'twere rooted there.
  Talk on dull sage, old priest I prithee pray,
Sweet breeze blow softly, blow thou blossomed spray.

Your jasmine breath drove knowledge to the winds,
  I knew the joy a lover only finds,
I drank the wine of life, the cup that blinds.
  Talk on wise man, O saint I prithee pray,
Blow softly breeze, blow thou emblossomed spray.

Gloaming-hush at Bradfield

By S. L. Goodman

Who has not heard the inarticulate hush,
Adown an intermittent avenue
Of silence, feast upon the early dew
On eve of summer, let him stem the rush
Of thronging words that choke his eulogy
When, firstling in ecstatic awe, he stays
His homeward feet to list the roundelays
Of myriad birds still echoing melody
On the pent air. See how, with bated breath
And reeling brain, his soul encompasseth
Tranquillity incomprehensible.
Infinite vistas of fresh-visioned peace
Steal on him wondering, as who should ease
A wearied dancer with a madrigal.

Wilfrid Scawen Blunt

By R. B. Cunninghame Graham

RIGHT in the middle of a ride cut in the woods, a ride he must have shot and ridden over a thousand times, under a great grass mound, looking like an ancient tumulus of some prehistoric chief, sleeps Wilfrid Blunt.

Sweet chestnuts, birches, and scrub-oak trees fringe the ride. Under their branches is a row of yew trees, planted by himself. In future years, when they are tall and dark, they will stand sentinels in a long line on each side of the grave, and in the winter nights the owls will sit amongst their branches, calling and answering one another, a nightly threnody.

Thistles and tufts of campion, dog's mercury, and enchanter's nightshade grow so thickly that they carpet all the grass. Rabbits limp noiselessly across the open ride; in the keen east wind the autumn leaves shiver down, mottled and red and golden yellow; silence broods over the whole wood, although the house is not three hundred yards away.

After his agitated life, in which he played so many parts, sculptor and poet, traveller, lover, politician, diplomat and man of fashion, and at the last a Sussex squire, loving the trees, the speech and people of his native place above all things on earth, he lies at rest.

The old-world Jacobean house with its yew hedges, paths of broken flags, and steps that lead to the front door, between whose crevices spring tufts of ragweed, garlanded by a thick growth of traveller's joy clinging to the balustrade, is empty and forlorn; but over all, in everything, still lingers and will linger many a day the traces of his strange, complex personality. So that, although the shrine is empty, the spirit haunts it, and, after all, the spirit, not the body of the saint, makes the shrine sacred to the true adept.

So strong is the impression of the vanished owner stamped, that when you see the old familiar objects hanging

in the stone hall, the peacock's skin, the Arab saddle bags, the lazo and the bolas, the mameluke bits, and the great copper coffee pots disposed about the walls, it seems impossible that in the panelled room you will not see the figure of the squire dressed in his Arab clothes, his great white beard spread like a Viking's on his chest, reading a ponderous tome in vellum, seated by a fire of logs piled in a Sussex grate.

The Morris tapestry, the great oak tables, the newelled staircase with its door across the landing, the priest's secret chamber, the prints of horses, horses and still more horses, from the Godolphin Arab down to his own Mesaud, hang on the walls.

All is unchanged; the Darnley Arab, and the spotted Polish stallion, with the old French print of the execution of the spy, who puts aside his dog with his left hand to save it from the bullets, a print on which its owner never looked without a pang, they all are there.

The thick yew hedges, and the Attar roses growing between old lines of box, in the walled garden outside the dining-room, and the innumerable weather-boarded sheds and barns that cluster round the house, seem full of something that is no longer there, yet still pervades the atmosphere as strongly as in life.

If in all England there is a house that is the embodiment of him who owned it, the little Jacobean mansion with its lichened walls, its stone-slabbed roof, its air as of a camp, inside, and outside, of an age when men built slowly, to please the eye and to defy the assaults of time, Newbuildings is the place.

The piles of Arab blankets in the corners of the rooms, the newest books and magazines upon the tables, speak of a man who touched life at a hundred points. Although so various, still at the core a country gentleman, a mighty lover of good horses, and breeding many of them from his famed Arab stud, yet not a country gentleman who brought London to the country after the modern way, but one who lived much as his forefathers lived for generations back.

Withal, as Easterns say, a great protector of the poor; not over much concerned about their rights, but sympathising heartily with their wrongs and with their poverty.

Amongst the mass of mediocrities that constitute, have constituted, and will for ever constitute mankind, unless there is a new creation conceived upon a different plan, he moved amongst his fellowmen, somewhat aloof and unapproachable, lashing their base ambitions with a steel whip, and yet with many a foible of his own, for without weaknesses no man can be strong.

Born out of his generation, as are the most of men who achieve anything but mere material success, he yet was a true Englishman, a very Englishman of the Elizabethan breed, with something in him of the Renaissance in his love of sport and culture, a combination rare to-day, for now the sportsman is so often nothing but a sportsman, the man of culture nothing but a prig.

Science, as manifested in the power to take a good, dull man by air to Baghdad and bring him back again an ignoramus still, with but the local ulcer in his cheek to show for it, left him, I fancy, all unmoved.

Culture to him, as to the Orientals, with whom he lived so much and sympathised so deeply, was an affair of spirit, and of mind, not to be measured by material progress or even by the arts. An Arab with his simple life, his scanty fare of dates and coarse bread toasted on the embers, and his perpetual speculations on the attributes of God, was a far greater object of his admiration than is the modern plutocrat, living in luxury and paying thousands for a picture that he is ordered to admire, without a thought beyond materialism.

He held the greater portion of the ills to which humanity is heir are irremediable, and that the best mankind can do is to endure them silently, trusting in Allah's mercy and compassion, without expecting that he will alter nature's laws on our behoof.

No man was ever less a Pagan or a Hellenist than was this cultured English gentleman, with his love of adventure and his deep sympathy for the oppressed in every portion of the world.

In type of body and of mind he was essentially a northerner, except that he detested compromise, so dear to northerners, as fervently as any member of the Latin race.

Bread was bread, verily, to him, and wine was wine; the two could never mix their essences and become the

hotch-potch dear to politicians, and hence the secret of his aloofness from our public life, failure to comprehend it, and its amazement at his attitude. At the same time, there never lived a man more fitted to enjoy and understand all that was best in English country life, for he loved hospitality, enjoyed a gallop on the downs, or a hot corner in the woods, as much as any chuckle-headed Sussex squire of the whole neighbourhood. I cannot see him seated on the bench at Quarter Sessions; but if he ever went there I am sure his sympathies were with the poachers and the tramps, being himself a sportsman and a super-tramp, taking the whole world as his beat.

Something there was of the Old Testament in his mental bias, either inherited or perhaps superinduced by his long intercourse with the Arabs, the most biblical of men.

Thus in the fine old house plenished with Chippendale and Jacobean furniture, devoid of most of the appliances of modern life, surrounded by his slow-witted Sussex dependents, who all adored him, seeing his real kindness of heart beneath a somewhat stern exterior, he seemed a paradox.

His quiet surroundings, the unbroken calm in the old, solitary house, disturbed but by the cooing of the fantail pigeons in the yard as they sat sunning themselves before their doors in the barrel stuck up on a pole, the smell of elder flowers that the breeze now and then wafted through open windows (scawen, he used to say, was Cornish for an elder), all spoke of rural England, that rural England that has almost disappeared. It was his pride to keep the old-world air about his mansion-house, although his thoughts must have so often wrapped him in the travellers' melancholy, and now and then he must have wished to feel the sun burning between his shoulders, to hear the gurgling of the kneeling camels and the shrill neighing of the horses, tethered and picketed.

If he occasionally let his thoughts stray towards the East and longed to smell the acrid scent of the camp fire of camels' dung, he kept his counsel, for no man ever wore his heart less on his sleeve than he did, knowing the world is full of jackdaws, and that when hearts lie open they delight to peck at them.

Still to his house there came a never-ending string of

pilgrims, Arabs and Persians, Turks, Indians and all sorts and kinds more or less materialised dwellers in Mesopotamia, generally each with his tale of woe and of oppression, real or fancied, and all with open palms.

Long hours he listened to them, for he was surely born in Tarshish in the next house to the Apostle of the Gentiles, suffering fools, if not gladly at least patiently, and, I imagine, dealing out largesse with an unsparing hand.

If he believed all that they told him is difficult to say; but possibly his passion for the liberty of down-trodden nationalities, and his hatred of imperialism, sometimes rendered him their prey.

Certain it is that almost all that he foretold thirty or forty years ago in regard to the East has become justified by events.

His was a voice as of a Cassandra prophesying in the wilderness, in the days when he warned England that Egypt would be free, that Ireland would become a nation, and that our Indian Empire was seething with revolt.

Had he been listened to the measures that have been wrung from us by force would have been graciously bestowed; but then who looks for vision in a statesman or a man of business and does not find himself deceived?

Little by little he withdrew from public life, leaving a world that had not understood him, and that he himself had often failed to understand, for your keen intellect and piercing vision often betray their owner, making him see the mirage floating in the air so clearly that he fails to catch the string of camels plodding laboriously through the sand, as his eye dwells on the castles and the towers so soon to be dissolved.

Sussex eventually claimed him for its own, and though his active mind was always occupied with Eastern politics, his stud and his estate, the welfare of his tenants and all the engrossing details of a country life enmeshed him, as they always have enmeshed men of his class and race in their declining years.

His house became, as it were, a place of pilgrimage to which young poets, rising politicians, breeders of Arab horses coming from many lands, and his old friends resorted to revel in his pungent conversation, receive advice, to buy a horse occasionally, and to be received with the large

hospitality worthy of one who had been so long a dweller in the tents.

No man gave forth more freely of the best he had at his command, and years and travel, with an enormous store of miscellaneous reading, had made his mind a very storehouse of recondite information that he was always ready to impart.

Modest about his own achievements to the point that few of his old friends had ever heard of the recumbent statue of his brother wrought with his own hands, in Crawley Priory, he seldom talked about his Eastern journeys except to intimates, and even then quite unassumingly. Time will do him justice, for time alone holds a judicial scale between a man and the warped judgments of the immediate herd of eaters and of drinkers amongst whom he passes life.

The small defects that bulked so largely in the eyes of those who, looking at the sun, discern nought but the spots astronomers assure us that they see through their telescopes will disappear, for, after all, who but a fool cares to remember Byron's club-foot, or that the greatest of the Cæsars was as bald as is a coot?

Small minds see little objects only, for the great facts of genius are so overpowering to them that they think them non-existent, just as a moth fails to perceive St. Paul's, although its vision in its little sphere is keener far than was the builder's of the fane.

I have no fear as to the niche fame surely will reserve for the tall figure in its Arab clothes, that for so many years moved through the panelled rooms in the old Jacobean house, pausing to take a book up now and then, or to adjust a bunch of the many-coloured asters in which he took such pride, and always followed by a Blenheim spaniel or by a King Charles.

His pilgrimage is over, all his activities are stilled; and when the little weaknesses most men are heir to, especially the great, are clean forgotten, his love of justice and the clear vision he enjoyed into the causes of events that have of late shaken all England to the core, will be remembered, and his *Love Sonnets* take their just place beside the works of the long line of English makers whose names are writ in gold.

Now in the Sussex earth that he so loved he rests in

his last camp. In the long ride in the deep woods winds stir the trees; the sun pours down in summer, and in the winter the snow spreads its mantle on the grass. It is all as he wished it should be, for it would please him if he knew that in the moonlight rabbits came out to play around his grave, and that the owls fly silently over his resting-place and light upon the trees as noiselessly as snowflakes light upon the ground.

If there are things we shall remember after we are dead, as he himself sang in his verses on the Pampa, he will remember these. His Eastern wanderings, the strife of politics, his agitated life with all its friendships and its bickerings, will fade away; but as he lies face upwards to the stars, he will remember, perhaps perceive, with some new sense unknown to those who labour in the flesh, all that is passing round him. The summer sun, the frost that cracks the trees at night, making the moping birds sit miserably wishing for the dawn; the fierce north wind, the hoar frost on the leaves coating them with a translucent panoply of fairy scales, the changing seasons, the recurring miracle of day and night, the moon's cold rays, the Pleiades, Orion and his belt; all the familiar constellations, the Pole Star, and Sohail, that he must have gazed at often as he lay awake camped in the desert, all the continual marvel of the growth of vegetation, he will remember. At least, I hope so; and if he cannot see them as they pass around him, just as they passed in life, oblivion, the best gift the gods have to bestow, will bring him peace at last.

The Machine Breaks Down

By Osbert Sitwell

HUGH DEARBORN was already middle-aged when I first remember him some ten years ago—but middle-aged with an unparalleled elegance, an unimpeachable style. His greying hair, his mask-like face through which peered those witty, rather wicked, eyes, his hands of carved ivory, were all made with an exquisite but rather snuffbox-like finish. This well-groomed and tailored figure, this Voltairean mask, rather too developed for the slender frame and covered with small, delicately chiselled wrinkles, formed but the very gentlemanly shell for an intense vitality out of all proportion to it; formed, in fact, the beautifully finished cabinet-gramophone case, from which sounded a wonderful but intolerable music. Not that his voice was musical, in the sense that our grandmothers used that term. It was not. His laugh never resembled a peal of church bells sounding at eventide, or a rather carelessly played xylophone, as did the elegant tremolos of various old Victorian ladies. On the contrary, his voice, touching every emotion for the necessary moment, never sunk into cloying sweetness, having, rather, that enchanting trick of putting a note in the wrong, unexpected place, and then recovering, which you find in the best modern music—find originally in Rossini's *Can-Can*, that first clear gem of modern music, and then in Debussy, Ravel, and Stravinsky.

The actual manner of his conversation was perhaps less modern than its content. Artists of the spoken word vary in their methods. One, whose manner I admire most of all, talks, argues, sinks beneath the logical waters, is on the point of drowning, but as he touches the ocean bottom finds some new pearl, and swiftly brings it to the surface; his is an absolute reliance on his own brain and tongue, never afraid to risk all on an absurd argument, never fearing to sink, knowing always that he will find a new treasure.

But Hugh's system is different, formal; it is as the Garden of Versailles compared with that of Hampton Court, stiff, mathematic, well ordered; his voice a terrible instrument, his art one that dies but never surrenders.

From the first Hugh Dearborn possessed a peculiar interest for me—an interest roused by some apparent contradictions in his character. Here was this exquisite shell, the fruit of fifty or sixty years of toil but an instrument for an hour's conversation—conversation that like a flower blossoms and then dies, a mule-like art without hope of progeny. Usually the artist is led on by a desire for immortality or perhaps fired by a craving for money, but here was a real case of "Art for Art's sake." The best Hugh could hope for was an invitation to dinner, but the very perfection of his conversational technique, the very insistence and monopoly of his great art often tended to prevent his humble end.

And this art itself, unpremeditated and yet such a technical achievement, surely could not flower on the barren air without any but purely physical preparation? Then again, after Hugh's performance of the new Symphony at the luncheon table, I once heard a rather unkind friend say to him, "Really, Hugh, you ought to put it in a book!" And this made me wonder why he had never employed these gifts in some other, more permanent, form. And how much longer, in any case, could this delicate, ageing instrument stand the ceaseless wear and tear of such a vitality?

Thus, from the first, Dearborn interested me and I collected information about him. It was certainly a mysterious life. A friend of mine, I found out, had met him originally in the garden of Walter Pater. I pictured the scene. To us children of sadder and wiser days, the eighties of the last century seem a halcyon but ever so distant age; Alfred Lord Tennyson ever so much more distant than King Alfred burning the cakes; the young manhood of Mr. Arthur Balfour ever so much remote, more legendary, than the youth of King Arthur or the Quest of the Holy Grail. A halcyon time indeed, with spring always in the warm crystal-clear air; with the laburnums, the lilacs, the lobelias and copper beeches in a perpetual riot of unsubdued and unbridled colour. There was a continual movement and sparkle in the lives of the well-to-do. Poet Laureates still

wrote quite successful odes to members of the reigning Family, who were then of greater interest to their subjects than professional cricket or the doped death of Miss Flossie Highfly. The county families were yet safely out of the way, secure in their distant tea-bound mansions, busy killing the beasts of the field, the birds of the air. Riches were still respectable, the rise of a millionaire was yet a romance. On the other hand, you could be poor without being thought insane, and the silver épergne was gradually retiring into the lodging house homes of Bloomsbury. Shepherd's Hotel would soon be open in Cairo (or was it already?), and we were on the verge of an optimistic young Imperialism that would grow to a climax with Kipling and Lady Butler. And, to those who liked it, there was a pleasant stir in the world of art. Painting and prose were both stretching themselves after a long sleep that had only been broken by the short pre-Raphaelite nightmare. This was the time of the Neo-Greek; white marble mantelpieces, Alma Tadema, the prose of John Addington Symonds, the drawings of Du Maurier and Frank Miles, all were supposed, rather vaguely, to recall, to equal even, the art of Phidias. Bustles, bonnets, straight profiles, and diamond myrtle-leaves were the order of the day. For the more precious there were water-lilies, almond blossom and flowing draperies; for the very knowing, chatter about Whistler and Walter Pater.

Thus, in the garden of that old-world city, through Parnassian groves, over smooth classical lawns, that glowed, as they would have said, like sad green velvet, under weeping willows which wept more gracefully than they do now and through which there always rattled a slight fresh wind from the East, suggestive of the clattering of willow-pattern plates, wandered our young hero, in ever so clean white flannel trousers, talented and exquisite. The old æsthete, who seldom committed himself to prophecy, leant over to my friend and said, " That young man will go far. . . . ! "

From those days, alas! until the early nineteen-ten's I know little of Dearborn's career. He went everywhere, knew everyone—poets, painters, the first lady who wore " bloomers," boxers, philosophers and Channel swimmers, wasting the perfect blossom of his art on the worthy and

unworthy alike. His art developed continually. His talk became something outside himself, a disembodied spirit. From a fine art it became a devouring growth, that in the end swallowed up the author of its being. He was Frankenstein, his conversation the monster . . . but a monster with charm.

To meet him was always a pleasure, to part with him the subtle torture of a thousand farewells. Perhaps Hugh himself wished to leave you, but his art forbade him. It made him linger, lead you to the longed-for terminus with a hundred little anecdotes that crucified your spirit; though regarded objectively they were round, full, delicate, and smooth as a ripe peach. But his conversation, monstrous ectoplasm that he materialised, wound round you like a serpent, bound you with a thousand octopus-like tentacles, released you for a moment, like a cat with a mouse, and then grabbed you again, draining your blood like a vampire.

Dull people used to think it funny to say "I wonder what he does when he is alone?" Others suggested (and this was to me an interesting hypothesis) that he only existed in relation to his friends and acquaintances—his conversation but the magic rope up which clambered this fabulous spinner of words, like an Indian juggler, till, ceasing to climb it, he dissolved into the void. This perhaps might account for that lingering farewell; for, when it was said, Hugh, too, would cease to exist for a while. But he was too personal, too positive for that; and, like all people of talent, as opposed to genius, he was too dated. He had little tricks, and these tricks belied his mask and proved him to be real. That manner, for instance, of wiping his eye on entering a room, with the corner of a beautifully folded, slightly scented pocket handkerchief, as one who was still laughing at some witty conversation that he had just left, did not that betray him? Was not that conversation one that he had held with Whistler, Pater, or some other already legendary figure—was it not perhaps only a forty-year-old memory? On the other hand, it may have been a signal, like a bugle call, for focussing the attention; for Hugh, a true artist, liked to have the attention of his audience, and, if slighted, if interrupted, a strange fury gleamed from those wicked little eyes.

Like all beautiful objects, Hugh never aged, only be-

coming a little more worn—worn with the thin wrinkled elegance of a Chinese grotesque; but his talk became always fuller and richer. He was never silly, never dull; and again, like all *objets d'art*, though mannered, he was never really affected. Yet there was about him a quality that was sometimes a little sinister, sometimes a little sad; a mystery, certainly. But from the first, being an artist myself, I guessed that his art was a hard mistress. I have said that Hugh Dearborn knew everyone—the world, the flesh, the devil, the ass and the artist. Among his greatest friends (for his art was bi-lingual and surmounted all obstacles) was Henri Schmidt, the famous Parisian portrait painter, himself a master of conversation, in an age of which he and Hugh were perhaps the only two high exponents of that art. Schmidt painted his portrait, and it is a masterpiece. Dearborn is presented to us sitting in an armchair, with his beautifully crinkled grey hair, his mask wrinkled and wicked, and rather over life-size, looking straight out of the picture. All his attributes are here, ring, cigarette-case, tie-pin, cane and, so to speak, the rest of the artist's equipment. This, then, was Mr. Dearborn when silence took him. . . . When he was—alone! On the exquisite mask was a smile, like that Leonardo portrayed on the face of the Gioconda, the smile which, we are told, was caused and maintained by the music of hidden flutes—and this wonderful smile of Hugh's is as surely caused by hidden music, by the dead music of his own young voice, by remembered passages from talks with Whistler, Pater, and Oscar Wilde. This picture ranks high as a work of art, but its sadness is unbearable.

Hugh was, however, grateful to the painter for it, and many of his preambles ran: "As I was saying to an old friend of mine, who I know would interest you, especially with your real interest in, and love of, modern Art (but I expect you know him already?)—a man who really is, I think, one of the most interesting and (though perhaps I ought not to say it, for he is one of my greatest friends) amusing, but I mean really one of the most (*crescendo*) brilliant men, the painter, Henri Schmidt. . . ."

The war came and went, rolling me over, submerging me as it did most of the younger generation, filling our souls with anger, rancour and hatred, with pity and love.

Mr. Dearborn, unsubmerged, began to work at other things than talk, for the first time in his life. He worked hard and usefully, translating various papers for the Government, being a master of languages as well as of language. The war did not break his indomitable spirit; he never grumbled, nor did he envy the younger men in the trenches, as did so many of our over-age patriots. He behaved, in fact, like what he was—a gentleman. Though there may have been little cracks in the foundation of his spirit, he appeared more elegant and gay than ever, and even took to dancing once more. After working ten arduous hours, with very little actual conversation, in a horribly improvised office, he would dine and then dance till five o'clock in the morning. His vitality was more amazing than ever. High above the coon-born music, above the vulgar, savage and sentimental strains, one could hear the floating " dying fall " of his voice. Never was anyone so gay, so young, for his age as Hugh Dearborn, but it must have been a strain even on that giant energy. He would go to bed at three o'clock, at four o'clock, at five o'clock each morning, in the highest spirits; but who can bear to think of him, as he slept alone and old, in his charming flat? But the next day at ten o'clock he would walk to his office, gay and beautifully finished as ever, and alas (as journalists write about royal visits) with a word for everyone.

Soon after the war I paid a visit, in search of health, to the plaster-shores of the French Riviera; and at Monte Carlo we met. Every morning at twelve o'clock, to the droning snort of a brass band, Mr. Dearborn, in white flannel trousers (oh, how long ago was that day in the garden of Walter Pater . . . !), would descend the steps on to the pink-sugar terrace. The war had altered him, and, though looking no older, he was beginning to show signs of eternal youth. But under blue skies, in this hard, trembling light, enhanced by cacti and tropic flowers, and by this sugar-icing world, his appearance took on a new quality, his voice a new tone. He became more real, his warning voice took wing, soared out to sea like the albatross in *The Ancient Mariner*, borne in, as it were, on the crest of a returning toy-wave. His essentially aristocratic finish, and even the rather tired rasp, felt more than heard, of his

voice, put the population of international profiteers to shame. It would be many years before these beaked harpies could produce an article with such a finish. . . . I saw and heard a good deal of Mr. Dearborn that spring, and grew to love his conversation. My mind would wander in it, as in a forest; I would lose my path, led away by strains of unfamiliar music, and then be pulled up suddenly by some well-known land-mark, the name of Henri Schmidt, or of Durant the boxer, and in that forest I found many homely things that I little expected, and, though exotic on the whole, it was decidedly less so than the war, which at the time we conspired to consider a natural life—and much more restful.

In May I left Monte Carlo, and for nearly two years lost sight and sound of Mr. Dearborn.

Two years afterwards I was wandering about Italy with young William Erasmus the writer. It was his first visit to the Peninsula, and he was very much on the look-out for copy, though his calm, languid air, as of one dwelling on Olympian heights, was calculated to disguise the fact. But he was always watching, listening, and peering. He had, I suspect, written several Italian travel-sketches before leaving England. He was, however, a charming companion —a companion only too appreciative and receptive, his appreciation of anything amusing or interesting that was said being made even more obvious later, and in print, than at the time. Truly we must have livened up the landscape with the necessary grotesque touch, I with my fleshy Hanoverian face and big body, William tall and thin as a young giraffe, with the small head of some extinct animal, some kind vegetarian creature that subsisted on the nibbled tops of young palm-trees in the oases—the Giant Sloth, for example! And how often, when I saw silly little jokes of mine appearing under the guise of musical or scientific articles in the weekly papers, did I wish that his character had been true to his appearance, that he had indeed resembled more nearly the Giant Sloth, instead of possessing that vast and terrible, assimilative and possessive, energy.

After leaving South Italy we visited Rome and Florence, from there exploring some of the smaller Tuscan towns. The country was in the full efflorescence of early

May, only the vines were a little backward, the leaves and tendrils still looking like golden coils about to spring out and release their stored-up energy. Little hills vibrated into the distance like rings of smoke, and the foreground was full of blossom—not the impressionist drifts of colour that you find in northern Europe, but flowers of every colour, each one separate, stiff, and geometrical in design, as those in an Italian primitive, or in one of the landscapes of the Douanier Rousseau. The days grew ever hotter, and any sudden little blue wind that rose among the distant hills, and played for a moment in the flowering fields, bore an unimaginable load of scent.

One morning we reached the delightful small town of Lucca, finding our rooms in the chief hotel, which had been the palace of one of the noble families in the eighteenth century, when Lucca had been a rich and independent State. The hotel was full of large, lofty rooms with golden curls and network, the prevailing tones of the old paint being light blue or pink, the whole effect being more of that of the French than the Italian eighteenth century. The rickety iron bedstead, shabby German table-cloth, and dingy modern furniture looked very remote in these chambers built as a background for gilded beds, rich brocades, and powdered wigs. The sounds of the street, shouting, snarling song, and shrilling bird-chatter of the market-place, were very faint at these patrician windows, lapping at them softly like small waves. Everything in the room was bright and quiet as in a coloured glass slide. In fact, the whole hotel had an indefinable atmosphere.

The town itself is a lovely one, with gardens and avenues of chestnuts, whose heavy leaves support their glowing, torch-like flowers on the thick battlemented walls that girdle it. We examined the churches, mostly Romanesque buildings of black and white marble, exotic as zebras, of a fabulous sculptural beauty, but seemingly less connected with the present town or its inhabitants than any pagoda whose blossom-like bells drip down their honey on the Chinese gardens. Yet none of the inhabitants seemed to feel the contradiction between their lives and their back-cloth. There the cathedral stood, like a zebra in the market-place, or like an elephant supporting a howdah—they paid no attention to it. In England these

things are different. Any stranger stranded under the wide arches of York station for five minutes would guess instinctively the nature of the Minster, the Bishop's Palace, and even of the Archbishop himself. There is no need to explore. Anything queer will soon be tidied up, and, as they say, " put to rights." But in Italy civilisations crowd together: marble churches of the twelfth century, brick-built Gothic palaces, gilded rooms with bellying balconies, and finally the iron bedstead and newspaper, universal symbols of modern culture, cling to each other, each the concrete form of a different view of life.

Thus we explored the town, talking. Then followed an early luncheon, after which Erasmus, who during his four and a half weeks in Italy had already become more Italian than the Italians, even talking the language with such an exquisite *bocca Romana* that the Romans were unable to grasp his meaning, retired for that siesta which was to him the crowning proof of belonging to a cosmopolitan intelligentsia. He had, however, already peered into the visitors' book for copy, but found none—not even a resident or casual Englishman in the hotel, which was, as he remarked, none the worse for that; and no doubt comforting himself with thoughts of how unspoilt was this really very sophisticated small town, he retired to rest.

The afternoon passed quickly, and the day dwindled into the dinner-hour.

For a time we walked about the brightly-lit town, but the cinemas were full, and we had seen *Lucia di Lammermoor* the previous evening, so that we returned through the humming streets to our hotel. William went to bed at ten o'clock. Half an hour afterwards he called me excitedly into his room, high, gilded, and full of dead air that magnified each sound. His lanky pyjama-clad figure and receptive ear were pressed ecstatically against a door—one which led into the next bedroom. " Who can it be? Who is it? Who is it? " he whispered. And then, quite clearly, each word taking on a greater significance in this room that seemed like a gilded tomb, I heard . . . " As I was saying only a few days ago to a man, a great friend of mine, who has, I think, really one of the most amusing and interesting personalities—a man who, I know, would delight you, with your knowledge and genuine appreciation

of modern art—a really witty, but I mean to say brilliant and delightful man, Henri Schmidt. . . ."

Thus the poor tired voice dragged on, trailing away into the huge silence of the palace. Hour after hour the monologue continued, sometimes the voice stumbled and there was a weak repetition. Often the stories belonged to an earlier date, the references to those long in their coffins, and through the weak tones of an old man you could catch the fresher notes of an art whose technique had not then been perfected to such a metallic pitch. His smiling, trembling voice conjured up the applauding laughter of other days, when he had possessed a more appreciative audience than latterly. This, then, was how Hugh had talked to Whistler, to Pater; this was how. . . . But now at three o'clock in the morning the voice sank down to a slight moan. It haunted me, the stillness of the room. What was the mystery of that beautifully-finished being, lying in that vast apartment that belonged to another age of perfected technique? Whose voices answered him in his mind, whose laughter?

Morning came to find Erasmus charmed and inquisitive, myself uneasy, not daring to break into the darkened silence of that room. No name was in the visitors' book; no one was to be seen; no voice sounded. Luncheon came, and we watched with mute inquiry.

But at about two-thirty Mr. Dearborn came downstairs, elegant and gay; his mask was rather heavy, tired, and ill-at-ease, though the detail of his appearance was as fresh as ever. But there was a curious thick dragging of his speech, an occasional twitching in the muscles of his mouth. He gave me a hearty but uncertain welcome, avoiding my name. He told me he had been rather ill, and had come here to be alone until he was better able to face the world—his world.

Then it was that I understood—realised the full tragedy of that vocal practice in the small hours. He had been pleading with his art, his Muse, his cruel mistress, to return to him, but the string was broken; she had spread her wings and left the tired old mask; the shell, though still perfect, was empty. The cabinet gramophone-case was complete and beautifully finished; but it was made for only one purpose, and there came no sound of the old music. Art is a hard mistress, mysterious in her intentions. As I

left him, never, alas, to see him again, there was a slight return of his powers, and, looking at me, he said, " One spring afternoon I was in the garden of Walter Pater, walking over the lawn. . . ." And then I remembered the Parnassian groves, the weeping willow-pattern trees, the exquisite and talented youth in white flannel trousers, and the words of the old æsthete, " That young man will go far. . . ."

Five Model Men

By Horus.

(3) The Lawgiver

After the Press and Premier, who are the prime agents of " practical politics," number three, which is the godlike numeral, falls to the Lawgiver, who is not a politician and yet is the most practical of men in a country. He is not to be confused with the lawmaker, or lawyer. Nothing silk or forensic is implied. The law is the faculty of authority and, as such, is rarely creative. The Lawgiver, on the other hand, is the man of idea; the projector of the social body; the artist and scientist. His gain is his gift, not what he takes. He is the designer of the human truth. Alone of men in a civilisation whose chief and cumulative concern is money, the satisfaction of getting it and the fear of losing it, the artist—by artist is meant all creative workers of the mind, whether of science, of philosophy, or of the arts—dwells and moves outside the pale of the market; he is a man of remoteness. Always his vista is the beyond. Essentially, he differs in that he is the supreme lover, or giver. He is the free-born man. If the function of religion is, or should be, the fulfilment of our nature, then art is the pure religion and the artist is the practical evolutionist: the revealer and co-ordinator. Thus science and art are the energy of freedom. Truth is the power. And because of it the artist is the lawgiver through the ages.

Such a man works without dogma or miracle or Logos other than the capacity of his own fulfilment or magic, if he has any; and the test of a civilisation is measured by the quality of the work done and the example set by all who are creatively active in the arts, in science, in statecraft, in society, and in religion. They are the seekers and weavers of harmony, of the principle of unity, that is, of truth. For that reason art has been defined as the science,

and science as the art, of life. It is true. Ultimately, it is these men who set the rules; establish the standards; define the totalities, correct and dispel the illusions of a superstitious and enslaved humanity; it is they who continually discover and rediscover; who renew, renovate, and transform, and without their aid, which is the expression of man's impersonal and sublimable self, mankind, as a creative force, would assuredly perish of inanition.

As it is written, those who live by the sword shall perish by the sword. Man, as Hamlet says, is the paragon of animals. If he neglects his inner self, or spirituality, he will destroy himself. Compare the works of the sword with those of the mind and see which are the "lilies of the fields." Tamur, Hannibal, Cæsar, Alexander, Attila, Napoleon—to-day they are ashen names in history as written on the feudal chronicle of kings and dynasts, and were it not for the deification of physical glory, meaningless. More, but for the immortality bequeathed upon them by poets themselves, as individuals, so obscure that we do not know who the greatest of them all was or even looked like, they would long be forgotten, so transient was their power, so historically insignificant their magnificence. For only truth endures and the spirit of truth. The greatest battle is only an incident. The most splendid of conquerors dies with his achievement. Such men light no torch, cannot "carry on." Their gain has no after-life, for they give nothing. Only the lover or giver lives. Zoroaster, Moses, Buddha, Confucius, Christ, Mohammed—these men, even if legendary or composite, are the lawgivers of human progress, they are the immortal realities, with the great art treasures that have come down to us through the centuries, whether we look back to the Pyramids and the civilisations of Chaldæa, India, or Mexico, to Jewish and Christian times, or seek them in the magic of the modern world from poets such as Blake, Shelley, Goethe, Walt Whitman, and, strangely enough, in the Eastern figure of Tagore, perhaps the outstanding prophet of our day.

These are the lawgivers, or handers on of the truth which illuminates man's search for the human synthesis, in their time generally misunderstood, reviled, persecuted

or despised, yet casting an inextinguishable light for all time. The history of evolution is the story of the prophets and of their influence, and where there are no prophets a civilisation degenerates. We see that startlingly exhibited to-day in the case of organised religion. Only the organisation survives, but the spirituality of Shelley and Whitman revolves triumphant in the heavens over us. It is they who have exorcised the material fear bestowed upon humanity by the Churches, for they do not date, they are the life essence, and, without knowing it, a world benumbed and bemused by war confronts the mysteries of the universe with the joyous freedom of the two dead poets seen to-day as the incarnation of the modern spirit, the most inspiring, real and up-to-date thinkers of this generation.

A century ago, *Prometheus Unbound* was blasphemy, and its poet was drummed out of University and country, but to-day a world is unbound and Shelley's Demogorgon is its hope and foot rule. Even more truly can this be said of Whitman, whom Tennyson could not "understand." He is the most actual of all modern journalists, in comparison with whom Carlyle was a simple reactionary. In the America of prohibition he is the drunkard of liberty. If as poet his prairie "grass" has demoralised a school of imitators, it is not the poetry that the modern world drinks from, as it still drinks from the well of Shakespeare; it goes to Whitman for vision, for judgment, for *law*.

Shelley here, Whitman there, Tagore in the East, these are the lawgivers of the new polarity as it shapes and transfigures East and West, even as Shelley foresaw it. Whitman in truth spoke "the password primeval." His whole message is the oneness and spirituality of man and of life; he is democracy as it is and will be. All America is coloured by his incantations, and even in the paradox of her paltry restrictions and repressions, Whitman's is the soul of her vitality that goes marching along, challenging the dogma of the old forces of greed, materialism, fear and ignorance, vested in the interest: "thou shalt not." We can recognise his voice now as the sanguine apostle of the affirmative spirit out of which are to come the new values and science of life, the new ethics,

the new humanism, the new life-forms. The poet of war, he is the very poet of Armageddon.

> The performed America and Europe grow dim, retiring in shadow behind me,
> The unperformed, more gigantic than ever, advance, advance upon me.

Such is the call of the " Open Road " or world vision. He is the lawgiver of our post-war era.

Those who imagine that after a brief period of uncertainty and friction mankind will return to the old systems, themes, and shackles in which commercialism will continue to be the " practical " religion, are living in a dreamland in comparison with which the " dreamers " of art are robustiously sane. The present has little hold on the new spiritual world, though we only realise the anachronism of institutions when, from time to time, habit, so to speak, runs up against the sanction of a new purpose and there is a moral or mental spill. A case in point is the Church's anathematic pronouncement against the Duke of Marlborough on the ground that as a divorced man who has remarried he cannot be a " communicant." Well may the astonished Duke question this clerical pronunciamento against " the temple of his body," this fiat of finality in days that are truly of the infinite, when the comfortable creeds of all dogmatists are crashing to the ground, and the life splendid and dangerous beckons to the pioneer brave enough and with faith enough to win to thought clearer and nobler than the " rough, deific sketches " of the past with their purely arbitrary and, as we now know, absurdly false limitations and negationalisms. In the exhilaration of the " open road " there can be no going back now to the inhibitions and repressions of unscientific notions of endings and beginnings, whether of time, of man, or of the universe. In these days of sex-freedom the new road is Woman. In time it will span the globe. It is the new liberty, in harmony with the process of evolution. The earth does not argue, says Whitman, and if the Duke perchance should pick up *Leaves of Grass*, he would find solace in the poet's testimony.

The lawgiver then is the projector. He inspires, initiates, and integrates. Politicians, lawyers, lawmakers, and scribes are the instruments of his behests attendant on

the sanction of opinion. To us moderns it is difficult to believe that for centuries science was the public " enemy," that knowledge was the proscribed thing. Yet it was so. A century ago Madame Curie might probably have been burnt for a witch and Einstein stretched on the rack. The artist is the world's martyr. But now thought at least is relatively free. A " glider " runs no risk of being dubbed a sorcerer, and this is the gift to mankind of the lawgivers. The candle they have lighted, on the rack, at the stake, in dungeons and by horrible death, has not gone out; cannot now go out, would indeed imply our extinction as a civilisation if it did go out, and this possession, this freedom, this immortality we owe to the battles fought by these men mangled in the long martyrdom of liberation for every one and for all of us, for every race, for the whole world, and every such battle was a landmark in man's evolution. They are the " mystic trumpeters," they are the architects of life, the pioneers and the givers of law, and so the mountain is ever their habitation. That is why great art must always be lonely, why wise men dwell in solitude—on the summits, for they are motion, like the purpose of the infinite, and they know no laws but the one, the truth, and because of their devotion and oneness they are the law and seed of consciousness in the ceaseless cycle of a universe without, so far as we can comprehend, end or beginning. Therefore they are the teachers, the diviners; the priests of the modern world.

As the war recedes from our memories, we gaze into chaos. Of the old precepts only hope, which is man's natural bias, and a little charity survive. Dimly, we feel that an old order is passing and that the transitional period is likely to be hard and turbulent. We can descry no straight way out. There seem to be no message, no symbol, no co-ordination. To some, this emptiness of purpose signifies as it were a warning—to return to the old design and the old beldame, reaction. It is a world of symptoms. Even to the hardy, life as it presents itself is something of an enigma. To many who now no longer fear the afterwards of death, life is shorn of its beatitudes and such now fear to live. Others are frankly and outrageously cynical. We have come to an end of the Hebraïc philosophy of negativisms, and we do not yet know what law is

to take their place. To hesitate is to doubt. Our physics have gone back to metaphysics. We have no Book; instead, we sing with " spirits " at the dark end of a trumpet. Voltaire was right. Man must have something that he does not understand. The stars in their illimitude defy us. The law of the lawgivers, love, eludes our comprehension; our love is not under will; we do not like the decomposition of the finite concepts of our fathers; the terror of the unknown is still with us, even if man, projected into the very space of knowledge by his genius, be " disenthralled," and so to vast sections a world divest of its prisons, its scorpions, ikons, and forbidden places is hardly a place of melody or of enchantment.

In such anarchy of the spirit, materialism inevitably wins back a footing; the old ghosts have returned, the old band-boxes of consolation, the old confectionery of the soul. Wine, women, and song—man's faithful comforters—seem for the nonce more worth while than creation, where there is apparently so little chance of creating and so slender a faith to inspire it. Our economics are politics, our politics are finance; empires and systems are played out. We are like doubting travellers—to start or not to start. We do not yet know because the direction is not marked on any map that we are acquainted with, and the unexplored territory looks like the " mad, naked night." Plenty of voices are ready and eager to cry " Stop " and " Go back "; plenty of folds are waiting to reclaim the timid and the weak; the way frightens because it is so open, is so spacious, is so universal, because it is so steep and wonderful to the strong. Things differ, they do not change, nor is there any expectation of a millennium or metamorphosis. Yet we do appear to have reached a stage when new impulses, new motives, new foundations have become necessary to further progress. Even war, man's first and last resort, is in the melting-pot, since it has become the handmaid of science, and obviously if the brain of man is to be applied to the inventiveness of destruction, life will become a precarious place to all votaries. Yet hitherto war has been the touchstone of a people's virility. Is the next or the one after to be the general and " divine " war? Or shall we raise the flag of Man?

To those who have eyes to see it is symptomatic to find

the word of grace coming from the ageless East rather than from an unbound and shot-up West. The re-statement of man's spirituality by " mystics " like Abdul Baha with his Persian and gentle humility, and Tagore, who chants the companionship and universality of man, is typical of something more than a tiding. It is certainly no accidental circumstance that has made of a Hindu Bengalee poet a world revealer more inspired than any bishop, more essentially English than any living American, and more modern than any Western journalist, nor can we dismiss such a phenomenon as the crooning of the fatalistic East. He gives the measure of our ascension or declination, of our own estimation. He is the other end of Bernard Shaw. Have we attained to our zenith? Was the great war Europe's culminating message to posterity? Have we the lawgivers who can lead and save us? Have we the consciousness—for that is basically what matters—of survival? Our failure to-day is one of moral direction due in great part to the breakdown of religion, which has long ceased to inspire or direct example. It has become a vocation, like any other, enmeshed in materialism. The renascence of the East is spirit. We catch its echo in the modern pulpit, where lay men and women can now preach as citizens to citizens; in the spirit of self-help that is abroad; in the movement " away from " politics, in which men more and more feel that there is no truth and no redemption; in the throb and ache of discontent that has fastened upon the nations of the war, like a sickness. We strain because even liberty holds out in existing conditions such faint prospects of happiness. Somehow we appear to stand at the brink of some bottomless pit and there is no authority to guide our steps, no illumination, no law. And we are mute. Our silence is too articulate to be ignored. In itself it is a portent. We have so little to say, that is our confession. We are unable to regain the springs of renewal. We have become wanderers in the spirit of our alchemy, the slaves of a mechanisation.

And yet this is probably a superficial view, unreal like our conditions. Never has science been more robust. Never has thought been freer or man so venturesome. Never has life been so aglow with magic. If we are momentarily at a loss to understand, caught

in the backwash of emotion and physical satiety, it is not so much man that is at fault as his mechanism, not so much the word that is lacking as the system that defies it, not so much we who are impoverished as the polity of a society unable to estimate its own riches. The worship of wealth has ever been the downfall of kings, empires, and of Churches. Our choice is that; life or death, the death of mechanism or the life of service, and here the lawmakers and politicians will not avail. For they too are the servants of their machine, for the most part lifeless ministrants. Democracy means that, but its real meaning is opportunity. Its freedom rests upon the urge of its impulse, which again derives from the spirit of its lawgivers. The only Anti-Christ in a democracy is itself. Failure can only come from within, whereas in bygone times the failure of a nation came from its headship. It was led well or badly, but to-day a democracy leads itself. Thus the condition of progress is ideal. Nor have we a right to complain. We are—precisely what we deserve to be. The core or heart is lord. We can change our gear at pleasure. We can take up any cross we choose.

That perhaps is a democracy's perpetual danger—it dare not go to sleep, and such is the great difference between the old and the new systems of government. Our authority is contingent and always speculative. Even our lawgivers are no longer necessarily martyrs and Hyde Park is an Empire's sanctum. If there is rot, it must lie in the roots, and such is a democracy's responsibility. It is ours to-day. The good, truth; the divine, God—these are always with us, near us, of us, and we have learnt nothing from science and the arts if we are not conscious of this simple truth which is the key of all truths. The apogee of the physical reign confronts us. This then is democracy's opportunity. If in its quest of material or fleeting values it cannot see or hear, cannot receive the gifts of its prophets and projectors, its soul will decay from lack of sustenance. Its chords will cease to be vibrant; its pennons will droop; its purpose fail. For he who gives takes not, he is no demagogue. He can only be the aide-de-camp to democracy's own generalship, so true it is that the Kingdom of God is " within us."

Thus the artist is the co-ordinator, the wound-dresser,

of civilisation. We are in dire need of him at this juncture. As we survey our bruised and broken England of to-day, we can sense the yearning of the multitudes, mutilated and spent, for some " simple, compact, well-joined scheme " of life and its meaning, as they await the new law. The time has come for the seer to apply his motive. Western civilisation must attain to a true art and science of life with new definitions and interpretations, and even a new nomenclature. The old thuribles are worn bare. Clearly, and to begin with, science and the arts need a far closer co-ordination, a more sustained, coherent and applied co-operation. They have been too long isolations in our midst, too long criers in the wilderness. Our lawgivers will have to come together and work together with a mandate as lawgivers. Their law should be given a nation's will and their position in the body politic re-stated. If democracy has an idea, let it translate it into purpose. A business community has business methods, scientific tables and calculations, and trained auditors and accountants to check and guide them, but society, the nation, has no science of State and no audit; it is a mystic system, and if there are mystery men in the modern world politicians are those people. The price men pay for these mystifications are war and debts. Men do not learn from history because they still think in history as it is written, which no doubt explains the slow progress of civilisations whose theory is politically, scientifically, and educationally centuries ahead of their practice. War is thus the biological necessity of life in a scheme of conquerors and conquered, and of the dice-box philosophy of force. Certainly we can jubilantly destroy ourselves. Can we re-create ourselves? We do not yet know. Nor is this the prophet's duty. His jurisdiction is himself, his office is the interpretation of God to man; in other words, his idea is truth which is the foundation of peace and justice.

Idealism is thus the practical will of man, and the " dreamer " is not the poet or visionary, but he who lurks in the waste and nothingness of the finite. The rise and fall of civilisations are symbolised in the apostasies of their gods. As man grew dissatisfied with his deities, when, that is, his philosophy got in the way of his superstitions and doubt supervened, new gods came in, and with them the new struc-

tures arose. Thus Hellas fell as the Oriental deities crept up, and Rome, in turn, fell, as Christian and Jewish Monotheism supplanted Paganism, and the Great Central Christian Empire split as schism deluged Europe with blood. If the gods are rulers, the rulers are gods. Such was the foundation of supernatural and regal authority. It has existed to our day, ratified in the "infallibility" idea of the late German Emperor, of Pope and Caliphate. Demonology with its foster-child, the miracle, was only really dethroned (the foster-child still persists) by modern science represented by lawgivers such as Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler, Newton, etc.; when the demons of antiquity sublimated into one demon, Satan. But these changes only happened by convulsions. The mob learns only by shock. And now again, as the result of terrific upheaval, doubt enters into us. Tentatively, the spirit of Man seeks divinity, shorn of his oracles. What is to be the Lotus of Democracy so freed? On present lines, power is still the natural law. The alternative is the scientific State. A people must learn to govern itself not for competitive ends but for social and scientific purposes; it must consequently acquire a scientific and social system of competents. Already this evolution is foreshadowed. We are moving towards the " tool-power " state of the engineers, towards a technological theory of use and production, towards a world corporate responsibility, in which the lawgivers—engineers, artists, philosophers, poets, and scientists—will take the places in the theocracies of the Saints and idols and superstitions as the new priesthood of humanity. Either that, or we go back. Yet reaction is not likely, for science moves too rapidly to-day, and our hope is too conscious, and women will henceforth be, however slowly and tortuously, with the Liberators.

True, the peoples seem to be dead, yet in truth they are reborn. The old Guild spirit is returning. Sociology, not Socialism, has become the necessary basis of any constructive Statecraft. Quite specifically the scientific engineer is taking his rightful place in the State as lawgiver with definite plans which he seeks to translate into effect, thus in connection with wages and industry and a credit system which fails conspicuously in what should be its central purpose—utility. Millions in their agony are once

more looking for the Grail, and all over Europe the artists, if still uncorrelated and unorganised, are starting out to rekindle the old love of beauty, to revivify the native images of life, to win to a clearer and more hopeful meaning of man and his significance, and even youth has put on the toga of reflection. These are active signs. Slowly, the life-force is at work. Civilisation cannot endure as it is, stumbling into one war after another and out again, as perchance it may, destitute of a science of life and policy, intoxicated by the vulgar artistry of clamour without any object but gain, without any wisdom but materialism, without any hope but egoism, while all within are numbers kibbled in a soulless machine. It is Europe's problem. Are we to continue to be just so many pawns in a governed world of shams, shibboleths, sacrifices and tin-helmets; or is there a better world to be had? If we would know, let us turn to the poet, Blake. What, he cries, is the " life of Man but Art and Science? " What are the treasures of Heaven but " mental studies and performances? " Here we can touch the magic of at least our mortality. Here materialism and spirituality, or science and art, fuse and transfuse into a practical living aspect. The gifts of the spirit are everything to man. They are the life; they are the immortality. We need not worry about hosannas, whether of world brotherhood, world disarmament, or still-born Leagues of Nations; sufficient unto our time is the present æon. The manner of our control is not the immediate question. Our question is the vitality of the within, that is, the spirit of those who perform the lasting work of the world; the will of the men who, looking at the waste and futility of life's existing energies and vanities, are moved to obtain a fuller, more useful, more beautiful, more bountiful existence.

" Produce great persons, the rest follows," wrote Whitman. It is not enough at this hour, our need of a controlled purpose is too real. We have only two alternatives. To prepare to fight it out or think it out. To succumb blindly to the rules and rulers of the false values of decrepit systems, or to give heed and following to the wisdom and prophetic mercy of our lawgivers, and with them build the new Temple and world citizenship.

A Note on John Hancock

By R. L. Mégroz

As I write this the walls of a quiet room in a small Bloomsbury flat have just been stripped of a collection of wonderful pictures—drawings and paintings—little known at present, but surely destined to enduring fame. By the time this appears in print they will be exhibited in the *foyer* of the Birmingham Repertory Theatre. These pictures, together with a mass of literary manuscripts which I have had the privilege of studying, were left behind by John Hancock, the author of *The Leash-holder*, which appears in these pages. John Hancock was the son of middle-class English parents, both of whom had Welsh blood in their veins. Most of his boyhood was spent in Canada, and he never had any regular school education. His remarkable drawings, however, caused his parents to put him first in a Council Art School, and then in the St. John's Wood Art School. Here he obtained the necessary technique for the inspired and powerful pictorial work belonging to the last three years of his life, *i.e.*, from his nineteenth until his twenty-second year, during which (in November, 1918) he drowned himself in the Regent's Canal, London. After his tragic death it was discovered that he had suffered from Bright's disease for two years. He was the idol of loving parents, a jolly companion to his college friends, and a new planet in the world of art for a few connoisseurs who had noticed his work in the Little Art Rooms, or in one or two reproductions made by *Colour* and the *Studio*. His literary work cannot be described in a brief note. It consisted of both verse and prose, always of a less accomplished technique than the pictures, but preoccupied with the personal, intuitive philosophy which often provided the impulse for the pictures. *The Leash-holder* is a good example of Hancock's prose, unsophisticated, influenced by Walter Pater, and yet curiously satisfying by its freshness and easy movement. The treat-

ment of the subject shows that Hancock used prose to express what he had to exclude from his symbolical pictures. There is an interesting picture of *The Leash-holder* (the personal property of Mr. F. C. Fenton, who was a college chum of Hancock), being reproduced in the Christmas *Bookman*, wherein father and son are shown as two purely symbolical figures, chained together and striving in opposite directions, the soul of the father an awakened serpent, the soul of the son a serpent still asleep. Notice, then, in this prose allegory the addition of the human personalities, the irony, the—what shall we call it, pessimism?—of the mystic visionary which John Hancock essentially remained.

The Leash-holder

A Conversation

By John Hancock

"I BELIEVE in the world's work."

The man heard the voice and caught, as it spoke, all the mental pictures it suggested, saw it mentally, in a sense, knowing it through that sight which his inner mind directed on to the shadow around him, the gloom which seemed to develop an almost transparent solidity in the atmosphere, encasing him in four walls where his Self lonely dwelt; and the sadness of anything said by the boy, to whose voice he listened, was remote and impersonal.

He realised they had come suddenly upon a deep abyss, a dividing of the ways. They were as mourners, leaderless, wringing their hands, both unequal in any way to coping with, or understanding, this sudden division between them.

It was as though his mind was a Trinity with three receptive parts, one wondering why he did not feel distressed, tearful, heart-touched by what he heard; the second impressing the words indelibly upon his memory so that some stray incident, some accident of speech, or

some similarity in the quality of a day's end, should in future call them into being out of the past; and the third fully occupied with thoughts of Self, and the strange symbolism there was in this place—this place where he sat in the gloom, within the four walls of atmosphere he imagined around him, the boy standing by the window faintly touched with the yellow light of the shop, the busy streets alive with people.

Behind the boy's back, as he stood facing the street, the man saw the last emerald of the sky shining above high hedges of yew, while far away some bell tolled a fitting harmony to his thought of how this garden was indeed a vale of rest where he lived the only unruffled part of his life, foreshadowing the last Rest-Sleep which its quietude suggested, and to which he turned longingly in weary thought. A Vale of Rest. Yes! That was how he looked on the garden, and how he desired the boy to think of it too. But now it seemed the boy had lost the spirit of sympathy with the place—he was standing looking out at the busy street.

The man thought of his own boyhood, how in those days he longed for such a vale of rest to retire to for a while, where he might find comfort, and now he was a man ready and heartful to give others that comfort, he found one who did not require it.

He had been a lonely boy. Life from his first memories had been fraught with many significances, nay, it was entirely significant. Everything that had passed had its appointed place, had had its effect upon him. In the fatalistic manner of childhood he always imagined all sorts of man-interests and elements of war against his individual pleasures, and nothing happened in his immediate surroundings but had some significance for him. As though a house were built, or a garden destroyed, that altered the characteristics of a neighbourhood, so he felt the strange purport of a change in his life; a new school, the going and coming of friends or enemies, all such things constituted, for one who led physically a placid life, great experiences. They were violent uprootings, casting him again and again upon an endless succession of mental desert islands, where he had to search feverishly for means of support and nourishment and shelter against all manner

of fresh winds, never twice the same. He found that rarely did a wisdom bred of the experiences of one such island have any value in lightening the difficulties of the next.

Life was swayed, he came to think, entirely by its accidents, making up the man's being, not only from outside experiences and their results, but far more from things within. Every thought had its set of results; it called into action its many and various spiritual muscles, as they are ruled by their corresponding spiritual nerve-centres. The physical body with its anatomy, its structure and building up, seemed a pigmy symbol, realistic, tangible, and marvellous, of a vaster spiritual machinery through which the Serpent of the Soul became awake, from being awake to life, and from life to its countless resurrections, past bodily and mental states. Life indeed, he felt, as has often been said, an adventure, the adventure of one in a strange land where, to the sensitive at least, no man has before been, or made any path leading to anything definite. That is the loneliness and the fear of life; not of its adventures for oneself, the accidents, the experiences of the way, but of what all these may create in one, their significance and terrible influence.

His schooldays had been sad indeed, for his loneliness had made, as it so often does through life, many more enemies than friends—or if not enemies, certainly antagonistic persons, entirely devoid of sympathy for anything they conceived so unnatural and diseased as the solitary mind. So has the dwelling together worked upon and diseased their own minds. They have come to declare that man is a sociable animal, whereas his birth and death are symbols of a solitude, a singleness of purpose, a lonely resurrection. This conception of Man's sociability has come about partly through the growth of civilisation, partly through fear of the unknown in earlier man, and partly through the love instinct. To-day we are free of that fear of the earlier man, realising as we do the relationship between fear and reverence, and that the fear is a thing of which we must not be afraid, but meet courageously, and that we must fear only what may be brought about in us by our tendencies and our drifting. It is for us to realise now how little civilisation has helped the inner life of

man, and to watch eagerly for the approaching dawn of the change, believing it to hold promise of freedom from many of these besetting things that bind men together still and prevent them from living their lives after the manner of their birth and death, full of great changes, receptivities, renunciations.

During his boyhood, as indeed through all his life, he had a greater sense of justice, not the heroic, unequal, unqualified justice of the boy community of school, which is but the boy-half of the justice afterwards exercised in the world, but a true balanced sense—sanity, inspired sanity which made him aware of the unimportance of anything over which the others argued, or quarrelled, or enthused.

This sense of the unimportance of things was in no way a superiority. It was, indeed, entirely the reverse. He was striving to realise man's place, where it is he truly holds his position in the universe, beside what brother, plant or angel, with what insect or giant, upon what platform which he might know as his flying-off place. He believed that man had assigned to himself a place and a significance that were not his, and not only this, but had aggressively stepped into a high place and was building a power which had killed his humility and stunted the growth of his own soul. His sense of the unimportance of things arose through this attempt at understanding man's unity with nature, and through his sympathy with the vicissitudes of early existence under whatever manifestation the soul might continue its struggle.

He had not been emotionless or cold. Indeed, he was the more sensitive and emotional because his sense of sympathy extended in an indefinable, to himself almost unrealised, way to animal and insect alike, even to the flowers, which seem to have an intensely pathetic appeal To chance upon the commonest flowers of the field discarded upon the road affected him with horror. Did not one imagine their prospects so?—that was the only way he thought of it—their prospects. The universe was bound up for him in a unity in which man alone appeared inconsequent, self-satisfied, warring with and disturbing the vigorous life in which he seemed to have no part.

All this puzzling self-analysis going on then almost in

spite of himself and the boyishness, had made him by nature a solitary, by desire lonely. But the average boy, as the man, feels there must be something wrong with one desiring solitude. He looks upon it aggressively, it offends his heroics, and casts a sort of reproach upon himself, almost suggesting in him a lack of imagination which, though he conceive it to have no importance of its own, he would like those who value it to imagine he possessed. Solitude! To the fanciful does not the word suggest an equivalent of star-gazing? Solitude—a study of the sun—sun-gazing!

But such a one is solitary among them, not only by desire and thought, but through his very personality. He is an odd one, noticeable, conspicuous among his companions, who with a love of conformity and discipline mould themselves upon an ideal pattern, standard, traditional, empire-building. There seems to be an inherent persistent impulse in man to become disciplined. If there is no outward discipline, then each forms for himself a mental or spiritual order—how helpful, how productive this is! But usually, always one may safely say, the discipline is from without, a refined form of mob-order, a sense of respect for the dignity of man because he *is* man; a sort of courtliness, an inconceivable wall of forms and observances and duties, past which the individual strays at his peril. Yet he only is individual who does.

This boy from his earliest days had walked as though no such wall existed. Hence the antagonism which he had met. As he attained to manhood, and as his experiences grew in significance, he came to value them, to annotate and almost to classify them. Their purport increased. Those that lay behind him, held with all their circumstance and results as in some book of the imaginative memory, grew to represent the place in which he himself actually stood. So, remembering how he had suffered through what he believed to be outside and arbitrary things, of which truly he should never have been aware, he sought about among those growing up in the world so that he might be able, perhaps, a little, through his own experiences, to help hide away from them useless things that cause so much needless suffering and bewilderment. He was possessed of a great love of children. When he saw them play in

the streets he longed to take them in his arms, to hold them close. Often he thought one of the rarest pleasures would be to pass an entire day in a sort of service to a child, to play with it, to bathe it in some little stream, to warm it in the sun where the dragon-flies pass, suddenly darting, disappearing, and shining blue again against the fresh green of waterside grass.

He thought of it as an exquisite possibility in life, to be of signal service to one such, as it grew to knowledge, through his lucky vision of the tendencies of To-morrow to which he, as a Sympathetic awaiting the Change, was awake. He could guide its feet upon the true thought-paths, show the manner of To-morrow's life, and lead him away from all that might warp and spoil the clear vision—to be the leash-holder, in fact; this was his thought, dream, and desire.

He walked in quiet moods when he seemed to be for a while in happy harmony with life, with a large heart from which seemed to well and overflow a great love that embraced every child passing in the street. He thought of their future, dwelling lingeringly upon their childhood, and working up from those simple thoughts to mental visions of a large Simplicity, when he seemed to sweep up with them toward realms of light at last, free more and more of their earth natures, revelling in the increasing magnificence to be.

With this vision of To-morrow, the Day of Days that heralds the return of the Trinity of Body, Mind, and Soul to the greater Unity, he hungered to clasp to him one whom he might lead in the way of this vision of the future, so that he might awake free of any false earth standards, and walk upon the revealed path of the Selfhood.

(To be continued.)

THEATRE-CRAFT

Editors: Hermon Ould and Horace Shipp

Shelley and Chevalier

By Horace Shipp

THERE is a certain significance about the fact that the English stage has on one day revived two plays: one a masterpiece of poetic tragedy and the other the apotheosis of domestic drama. Something more than the alliteration of the authors' names invites a joint consideration of *The Cenci* and *My Old Dutch*. They are the two paths of the English Theatre. One depends for its success upon the presentation of passion, terror, hatred, pain and emotion so poignant, so tremendous, that the frail human vessels in which it is conveyed to our minds grow translucent and we are left with a drama of abstract forces. The other makes homeliness its theme; it deals with the humdrum virtues and the vices of the commonplace. It is kitchen drama; it sees life through a scullery window. If *My Old Dutch* fulfilled the purposes of drama by achieving any intensification of the life which it purports to depict; if it were worthy the highly-individualised music-hall art of Albert Chevalier himself, or showed any other triumph of mind over matter-of-fact, one might have found some reason for its place in the theatre. But it remained a dreary epic of the ordinary, and when after three hours of unwavering domesticity Chevalier sang his inimitable

"We've been together for forty years,"

I could only feel that it seemed longer than that to me. Its sentimentality and puerile passion, its easy humour and homely pathos, are the paper currency of an age which has debased the coinage of thought. On such a valuta it is cheap to be a millionaire; nothing is out of reach.

Not so *The Cenci*. Here, if ever, is the pure gold of poetry. In the preface to the play Shelley pointed out that

he had " avoided with great care the introduction of what is called mere poetry," only once had he used " a detached simile or a single isolated description "—the splendid figure of the chasm. Perhaps for this reason, but chiefly for the reason that he, supremely among English writers, had the poetic mind, Shelley turned the whole terrible story of the brutality, lust, and Sadism of the Count into a figure of human oppression. The symbolism and poetry are the purer, inasmuch as Shelley was unconscious of his own mental processes. It was not that he said, Here is a parable of man's inhumanity; still less was he likely to have seen it as a symbol of his own life (albeit this interpretation holds good); nor was he dealing in that type of debased symbolising with which *The Blue Bird* has familiarised us—the kind which wrenches ideas into dubious contact. Rather was it that the manuscript which came into his hands synthesised his own dark philosophy of this world's wrongs and the fallibility of redress; and in the crucible of his mind, white hot with indignation against all injustice, this black story of cruelty and horror crystallised into a perfect jewel. It is one with the *Prometheus Unbound* and a fulfilment of the earlier poems of revolt. It is of a piece with all he wrote and did—a drama keen and terrible as a sword.

For more than a hundred years this sword has lain unused. The English Theatre was no place for its unsheathing. The stage has crept nearer and nearer to the commonplace, shirked the significant and avoided the universal. It remains supine, enfeebled, tethered to the apron strings of *My Old Dutch*; and the great issues of life, death, and fate have been decided beyond its scope.

Now and again in the theatre somebody revolts against this condition of affairs, feeling that the business of the stage is something more exalted than the three-dimensional presentation of popular magazine fiction. History records the occasions. In our programmes at *The Cenci* production was the record of that day in May, 1886, when the Shelley Society gave a performance to an audience as distinguished as any that had ever gathered in a theatre. In our minds was a memory of that afternoon in 1919 when Lewis Casson and Sybil Thorndike revealed to us the potency of Euripides, and showed that *The Trojan*

Women was as relevant to our day as it was to the time when the master of Greek drama gave it as a message to his own generation. Now again we stand indebted to their lofty conception of the theatre for the revival of Shelley's masterpiece, the flashing might of its message, the " purging by pity and terror " of its tragic theme. Not that it comes to us preaching a message, or replete with didactic theory. The method of great art is synthetic. It creates the world anew in a white light of understanding, or it flashes that light upon the chaos of the world as we have made it, and when its beam has passed we have broadened our own vision to the acceptation of a wider conception.

That above all else is the high purpose of the theatre; that is why sentimentalism and the lowest common measure of mentality are not enough; why even naturalism with its regard for the prose truth of current life is not enough; why poetry and the poets and the drama of universals alone can fulfil the function of the theatre. That is why we must consecrate the theatre to our Shelleys and cease dalliance with our Chevaliers.

As it is with the spirit so with the body.

The path of theatrical achievement has led straight to the perfection of surface reality, where a spade was palpably a spade and made no demand upon the atrophied function of imagination. Not only did we drive English drama into the drawing-room and from thence into the kitchen, but we consecrated our scenic art to achieving a verisimilitude of those apartments. How much the mere mechanical fact has had to do with keeping off the stage such a play as *The Cenci* it would be difficult to conjecture. For there are fifteen scenes, and the real-rabbit enthusiasts and sand-stormers might well quail before the task of production in the terms of their technique. More important even than this: if *The Cenci* were produced with garish realism the physical horror would be overpowering—the superhuman conflict between right and wrong, the interplay of the powers of light and darkness, would be hidden behind a story of incestuous passion and Sadistic oppression. Casson's production was a piece of pure theatricalism, as high above mere naturalism as the highly-charged lines of Shelley's verse are above the speech of every day.

Using a few interchangeable architectural pieces,

curtains, and the minimum of furniture; lighting his stage as the mood of the developing drama demanded, he created a unity of satisfying beauty and significance, which solved at once the poet's spiritual problems and the stage manager's mechanical ones. There were moments when we would have quarrelled with his interpretative lighting—still, I believe, too highly coloured—but its success in the feast scene or in the trial scene compensated for weaker moments.

Miss Thorndike convinced us against our better judgment that Beatrice Cenci was the sort of woman she so amazingly depicted. We know she could not have been, or all the machinations of the Count, the majesty of the law, and the hypocrisy of the Church would have powdered before her. Reading the play, one feels there must have been more of tenderness, more of innocence and unsophistication in her than Sybil Thorndike allowed to her creature of splendour and fire; and the difficult problem of the flat denials of guilt could be better overcome by innocence so wrapped in God's law as to be unaware of man's, than by that flaming righteousness with which her Beatrice outfaces all the facts. Robert Farquharson's fine interpretation of the Count and Brember Wills' Camillo stood out from a high-level performance.

The first public performance of *The Cenci* and its reception is an event of no small importance in the theatre. Poetic drama proved its potency; æsthetically, socially, intellectually it achieved its ends. A portent? One wonders, remembering that on that very evening the one-time home of Henry Irving changed tenants, and *Old Bill*, the incarnation of English muddle-mindedness, made way for *My Old Dutch*, the genius of the commonplace. These be thy gods, O Israel!

A CORRECTION.

Sir,—The title of the realistic-expressionistic illustration in the October number is, through no fault of mine, wrongly worded. It should be: Scene from a revolutionary play at the Proletarian Theatre, not at the Kamerny Theatre.

Yours,
HUNTLY CARTER.

Joseph Conrad's First Play

By Hermon Ould

No reader of the novels of Mr. Joseph Conrad would expect him to have the qualities which go to the making of a good conventional playwright, and the dramatised version of *The Secret Agent*, perhaps the most dramatic of Mr. Conrad's novels, has proved what did not need proving. But why the critics should have fallen so foul of the production, and rent it to shreds with such unanimous ferocity, is a little difficult to understand. It seems to be assumed that Mr. Conrad is ignorant of the tricks of the playwright's trade, and that he had no right to set about writing a play without acquainting himself with them. But suppose he wilfully rejected them, preferring to exploit a medium more in harmony with the natural working of his mind? There is no inexorable law which decrees that the shibboleths of the playwright's craft shall be eternal; and as a matter of fact many of the hoariest conventions, for which M. Sardou would have given the last drop of his blood, are rapidly disappearing, and new forms are struggling into existence. It is at least possible (and Mr. Conrad's quality in another art is sufficiently well known for him to be given the benefit of the doubt) that the author was consciously aiming at presenting dramatic material in a new way, and the question of whether he succeeded or failed should be answered in accordance with an understanding of his aim.

Before this article appears *The Secret Agent* will have been withdrawn from the Ambassadors Theatre—a disastrous failure; and I am oppressed by the thought that it would not have been a failure if the public had laid aside the verdict of the critics and had given the play a longer innings. A week's trial in a city of London's magnitude is not a fair test. But only the richest managements can keep a play on long enough to weather the storm of a bad Press, and the management which had the faith to put

on *The Secret Agent* presumably had not sufficient money to back its faith beyond the eleventh performance.

It need not be assumed from this preamble that I consider *The Secret Agent* a great play. I am fully conscious of the cavalier way in which it breaks most of the rules which can be learnt from any manual of play-writing; but I am also conscious of this, and it seems to me more important: that no playwright's *vade mecum* ever published will enable a man to create characters which live and situations which evoke those emotional reactions which only great art evokes. These things Mr. Conrad did, and although the methods by which he realised his purpose seemed to me lumbering, wasteful, and crude, the result was worth the whole bag o' tricks of any well-made playwright of them all. My chief regret is not that Mr. Conrad failed to call in a skilled playwright to turn his novel into a play—that might have been disastrous, since there are not two Conrads—but that he did not try his 'prentice hand on an entirely new theme—that would have freed his pen from the shackles of a story which must have been so much part and parcel of his mind that the intrusion of inessentials was almost inevitable.

But if the play as such had been negligible, the performance would have been noteworthy for other reasons. It gave us some excellent acting. Miss Miriam Lewes, rather uncertain on the question of the class of society to which Winnie Verloc belonged, and the accent appropriate thereto, was otherwise splendidly convincing in a very exacting part. She played throughout with delicacy and restraint, and in the almost too painful last act was magnificent. A quite remarkable piece of acting, sensitive and sure, was that of Freddie Peisley as the degenerate Stevie. If he is as young as he looks—fifteen or sixteen—and goes on developing his powers, he should some day be a very fine actor. The Mr. Verloc of Mr. H. St. Barbe West was a less contemptible creature than the Mr. Verloc of the novel, but it was a self-consistent study of weakness, and it may be that Mr. Conrad intentionally softened the character for the stage. Many of the other characters—not, it must be confessed, very deftly woven into the texture of the play—were admirably played: the "Professor" of Mr. Clifton Boyne and the contemptible Ossipon of Mr.

Russell Thorndike were particularly successful, and it was refreshing to find that the *laisser faire* school of acting apparently finds no favour with the present *régime* at the Ambassadors Theatre.

The production, to the credit of Mr. Benrimo, showed a genuine understanding of the relation between the thing heard and the thing seen. No scene was staged realistically, although *The Secret Agent*, if it were classified at all, would fall into the category of realistic plays. Even the " Parlour behind Mr. Verloc's shop " was made manifest by the use of half a dozen pieces of fixed scenery held together (to speak figuratively) by black velvet curtains. Especially effective as stagecraft was the scene in the café: a trellised window, painted a rich Chinese vermilion, through which the town was suggested by cut-out lighted windows seen in diminishing perspective. Black curtains again framed the scene, so that the attention of the audience was concentrated on the action.

The underworld of spies, degenerates, and scheming was well created by the use of localised lighting which allowed a good deal of the stage to remain in shadow, and the unhealthiness of the atmosphere was suggested by the introduction of purple reflections. The principle of lighting locally, instead of suffusing nearly the whole stage in light, was employed throughout the greater part of the play, and it was generally successful. This method of production, which aims at the intensification of the emotional content by a changing *décor* (to use that inadequate word!) is well known abroad, and sooner or later it was bound to find its way to this country. Mr. Komisarjevsky produced *John Gabriel Borkman* at the Everyman Theatre in this manner and achieved a memorable success. Mr. Komisarjevsky has now gone to America to produce for the New York Theatre Guild, London apparently having no further use for him. It is to be hoped that Mr. Benrimo, following Mr. Komisarjevsky in his sensitiveness to changing conditions in the theatre, will not also follow him to America.

Setting by Benrimo for Joseph Conrad's The Secret Agent. (Ambassadors Theatre, London. October, 1922.)

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Setting by Benrimo for Joseph Conrad's The Secret Agent. (Ambassadors Theatre, London, October, 1922.)

Setting by Emil Pirchan for Richard Strauss's opera, Salome. (State Opera House, Berlin, October, 1922.)

The Energetics of Poetry

By Georg Kaiser

MAN represents the most intensive form of energy. That man has been able to raise himself to a position of such power throughout the universe is a potent indication of the rank to which he is predestined. A destiny which may be summed up in the formula: to enforce his Will and Himself—against all obstacles which may be in his path.

Man is on the way! The distances which he has already covered must remain incommensurable to us—as incommensurable as the road which still stretches before him. It is sufficient to-day for us to know that this movement is taking place. It gives us occasion to occupy ourselves with conditions and with possibilities.

Humanity of our day must resolve upon this: to regard itself as a state of transition between mankind that is and mankind that is to come. In attempting to defend or justify his present he enacts a pusillanimous *rôle*. The hungry desire which each of us formulates in his bosom—I am living now, and therefore this life of mine must be final and complete in all its scope and compass—is tinged with the contemptible. Man is really much more courageous than his parasites and camp-followers would have him believe. From his very first day of life onward he carries death in his body, and yet what extensive enterprises he undertakes! We know that to-day we are merely the high potential conduit pregnant with the spark which shall blaze forth only in some distant future. And though we are still wrapt in doubt as to this distant event, we continue to persist and to stand fast without fear or trembling. We do not divert or misappropriate even a particle of this energy. We are concerned perhaps with an unconscious self-sacrificial sense that it be compressed and concentrated, for we feel that upon this the ultimate achievement depends.

What does the human being in our day represent? He is still lacking in any proper co-ordination of his powers.

That miracle—the versatility, the manifoldness of his abilities—is misinterpreted and so he succumbs to the temptation of training a single faculty or ability. In other words, he becomes a specialist.

Man is perfect from the very beginning. He is, so to speak, a finished product from the very moment of birth. The limitations to which he finally succumbs are not part of his inner nature—no, these limitations and inhibitions are imposed upon him from without, as a result of the distorted forms to which his destiny is subjected. We are all too well aware that to-day a man may live only by cultivating one of the numerous possibilities inherent in his nature. We cast no aspersions upon this brother man, subject him to no mockery, and do not pass him by. Every man is part of our environment—unconditionally and of necessity. The imperative of time decrees his fate; it may misshape him, but it cannot crush him to the point of annihilation. Every phase of transition bears within it the command of eternity. And this confers immortality. For all things that have a goal preserve themselves. The sum of energy suffers no atmospheric depression or lightning stroke.

Man emerges from this epoch, an epoch which is unconscious of the fact that all its powers may be concentrated in one gigantic effort—and strides onward towards an epoch in which our chaotic dismemberment and futile activities will seem like some impossible fable. Upon what must we base our knowledge of potential man? I think I have found the solution—it lies in this one word: Poetry. For I am of the opinion that all inclusive force, which is one of the faculties peculiar to man, finds for the time being its most convincing expression in the processes of poetry. Here we find the proofs of man's prestabilised consummation, something which he must raise from the realm of the unconscious to that of the conscious. What path does he pursue? What is his task? And what is his goal? Poetry in its larger sense comprehends the province of all the faculties and subjects them to the law of a single mode of operation. The idea emerges triumphantly out of the fortuitousness of appearances and the chance element of the subject-matter. And this idea is in itself a rounded whole, a world, something present yet timeless, something present, yet eternal. Comprehended by men, and in fact

comprehensible only to them. Man is the Whole, ever here and ever there, ever distant and ever near—ever existent, ever present. Poetry proclaims man the synthesis!

I am convinced, and I have emerged still more convinced after being subjected to the shock of many contrary opinions, that man will overcome the economic difficulties which now curtail and confine him. I do not underestimate this task, but I am determined not to regard it as inachievable. There are too many proofs of man's skill and cleverness in adapting himself. We have the eight hours' working day—we shall be able to do with still fewer hours in spite of an augmented standard of comfort, an internal progress will always keep step with the outer progress. Ideas have an irrepressible urge to represent, to realise themselves. For that which is not visible is not there. It is through man that the idea pushes its way toward representation—man is its creator, man gives it its form and its face and the final clarification can be won only in this way. Let us not forget Plato, who has given a living form to his dialogue; nor Nietzsche, who bids the sharply plastic figure of Zarathustra become vocal; nor Christ, who gave the Son of Man undying vitality.

Energy as a means unites ideas and vitality into a unity. Vitality and the Idea are two unconquerable postulated and heterogeneous entities. There is nothing without man; merely because man exists must all things be *of* man and *for* man. How the achievements of man based upon his own peculiar energy and maximum effort, how this combination of vitality and ideas may be realised—*that* will be a problem to concern the generations which come after us, and whose forbears we must be in humility and in sacrifice.

We need not fear to incur the danger of following a phantom or some false instinct. Man is not piece-work, but a well-planned whole—as even the ancient myth recognises. And yet it is astonishing how far we have left the Greeks behind in this matter. Their experiments with man content themselves with the superficial. Marsyas succumbs to Apollo. Marsyas blew the flute and puffed up his cheeks to globes, which destroyed the symmetry of the human countenance. Apollo, on the other hand, played the lyre with a magnificent grace. More than this, the Greeks found

the vision of a sculptor revolting, for he accomplished his work in dust and in the sweat of his brow.

How wonderfully subtly the Greeks sensed the incongruity of the over-occupied man, the man who exercises *one* action in a measure and proportion exceeding that ordained from the beginning. Man is a unit. That which before our time was imperfect divined, to-day we *know* it, as we know a law and the validity of a law. It is not only by his exterior that a human being, whose humanity is based solely upon one activity, provokes an unpleasant impression; there is also an inner distortion which is no less painful than the outer. Man may also sin against himself in thought alone. For every excess of one faculty which develops itself at the expense of the neglect of the others is a mortal sin. It is directed against the universality of man and mutilates universality into speciality. Man is not hand or foot or eye or head alone. Man is compact of head and heart and brain and blood. He who only thinks and writes poetry commits a wrong against the Totality, precisely as does the workman who, by a pressure of one of his limbs, operates a part of his machine.

The most dangerous onslaughts against Totality have hitherto been undertaken by the intellectuals—though we must not forget that they have been exposed to the fiercest temptations. A prophetic glance into what is in process of Being and of Coming characterises the intellectual. It is difficult for him to refrain from describing much, even though he may not have seen much clearly. And the thing which is thus darkly seen is then given the name of philosophy or literature. So will our present be judged of the future. To us it is only given to see this present and to bring the signs within us into relation to the Infinite.

Poetics are one form of energy—perhaps the most powerful which we possess to-day. Having once established this, we may proceed to build up our new system of æsthetics. The system which has hitherto prevailed, compact of fear and pity as to the effect of the poetic message, no longer exists so far as we pioneers are concerned. We base our judgments only upon the strength or the weakness of the energies proceeding from the creator of the poem. And once more we find a parallel with the ancient Greeks. To them Destiny was the supreme power. It suffered no

single exception, it destroyed the continuity of the whole. The man who summons all his strength for *one* deed which is not based upon a perfect consummation is given over to destruction. The whole of the Idea was disturbed. What do our emotions, profoundly perturbed by the drama, convey to us—to us whose souls have always been full of this sombre knowledge? Thus poetry inscribes only negations—warnings against advances in one direction only—a destruction of the smooth sphere of the human into a hunchlike protuberance—deformity! The lesson which we are taught at the close of all great poetry is that all that is tainted with hypertrophy finally seeks and sinks to its own level. We have seen that man's position when it is dependent upon a single activity becomes a prison of degeneration, of error and disease, and that the only way to liberation is the way of universality.

Let us consider everything that man does as an operation of energy. Energy is the eternal wonder in man, and this wonder has been converted into blood, out of which he creates—creating even himself. Man is that reality which renders all things possible, including himself. He draws eternity into the present and lets the present open upon eternity. This goal is achievable. And it will be achieved. This is certain: that the Whole of his faculties will develop itself—liberated from the specialised instances of his occupation. Talents and patents disappear—all things are open to all men, and the Speciality merges into the Totality. Economics and hygiene prepare him for his task. He goes on his way with that grim energy which has already liberated him from slavery. He will not endure being delayed. The progress of the individual will be overtaken by that of the generality. The mountain becomes a plain. Fit for the homes of all men. And it is then that energy will operate terrestrially and with sublimation. Man will have arrived!

It is not so important that man should be able to do something as that he should be recognised. Man that is recognised becomes at last a vision—as this in turn ceases to be vision and becomes reality—and I say this thing with the mouth of a man, a mouth which, like all men's, bears in it only a human tongue. I believe in this Man to come, and belief is enough.

THE
ENGLISH REVIEW

"Ulysses" and the Handling of Indecencies

By Ford Madox Hueffer

I HAVE been pressed to write for the English public something about the immense book of Mr. Joyce. I do not wish to do so; I do not wish to do so at all for four or five—or twenty—years, since a work of such importance cannot properly be approached without several readings and without a great deal of thought. To write, therefore, of all aspects of *Ulysses*, rushing into print and jotting down ideas before a hostile audience is a course of action to which I do not choose to commit myself. The same imperious correspondents as force me to write at all forward me a set of Press-cuttings, the tributes of my distinguished brothers of the pen to this huge statue in the mists.

One may make a few notes, nevertheless, in token of good will and as a witness of admiration that is almost reverence for the incredible labours of this incredible genius. For indeed, holding *Ulysses* in one's hand, the last thing one can do about it is to believe in it.

Let us, if you will, postulate that it is a failure—just to placate anybody that wants placating in that special way. For it does not in the least matter whether *Ulysses* is a success or a failure. *We* shall never know and the verdict will be out of our hands: it is no question of flying from London to Manchester under the hour. That we *could* judge. It fails then.

Other things remain. It is, for instance, obvious that the public—the lay, non-writing public of to-day—will not read *Ulysses* even in the meagre measure with which it reads anything at all, the best or the worst that is put before it. Perhaps no lay, non-writing public will ever read it even in the measure with which it reads Rabelais,

Montaigne, or the *Imaginary Conversations* of Walter Savage Landor. (I am not comparing Mr. Joyce with these writers.) That perhaps would be failure.

Or perhaps it would not. For myself, I care nothing about readers for writers. It is sufficient that the book should be there on the shelf, or the manuscript, down the years, slowly gathering the infiltrated dust of the bottom of a chest; indeed, it is enough that the words making it up should have ever been gathered together beneath a pen. Force once created is indestructible; we may let it go at that.

And yet, even though the great uninstructed public should never read *Ulysses*, we need not call it a failure. There are other worlds. It is, for instance, perfectly safe to say that no writer after to-day will be able to neglect *Ulysses*. Writers may dislike the book, or may be for it as enthusiastic as you will; ignore it they cannot, any more than passengers after the 'forties of last century could ignore the railway as a means of transit.

I have called attention in another place to the writers' technical revolution that in *Ulysses* Mr. Joyce initiates. The literary interest of this work, then, arises from the fact that, for the first time in literature on an extended scale, a writer has attempted to treat man as the complex creature that man—every man!—is. The novelist, poet, and playwright hitherto, and upon the whole, have contented themselves with rendering their characters on single planes. A man making a career is rendered simply in terms of that career, a woman in love as simply a woman in love, and so on. But it does not take a novelist to see that renderings of such unilateral beings are not renderings of life as we live it. Of that every human being is aware! You conduct a momentous business interview that will influence your whole future; all the while you are aware that your interlocutor has a bulbous, veined nose; that someone in the street has a drink-roughened voice and is proclaiming that someone has murdered someone; that your physical processes are continuing; that you have a headache; you have, even as a major motive, the worry that your wife is waiting for you at the railway terminus and that you may miss your train to your country home. Your mind makes a psychological analysis of the mind of your wife as she looks at

the great clock in the station; you see that great clock; superimposed over the almanack behind the head of the bulbous-nosed man, you see the enormous hands jumping the minutes.

And that is a rendering of a very uncomplex moment in the life of the most commonplace of men; for many, such a scene will be further complicated by associations from melodies humming in the ear; by associations sweeping across them with scents or conveyed through the eye by the colours and forms of wainscotings. . . . Or merely by pictures of estates that you may buy or lands that you may travel in if the deal on which you are engaged goes through.

Of this complexity man has for long been aware, nevertheless in Anglo-Saxondom until quite lately no attempt has been made by writers to approach this problem. For that reason in Anglo-Saxondom the written arts are taken with no seriousness as guides to life. In Dago-lands it is different. There for the hundred years that have succeeded the birth of Flaubert huge, earnest works distinguished by at least mixed motives in psychological passages or consisting almost solely of psychological passages that shiver with tenuously mixed motives—such works have been the main feature of European literature, from *Education Sentimentale* to the *Frères Karamazoff*.

To this literature Anglo-Saxondom, or at any rate England, has contributed nothing at all, or nothing of any importance,* and because of that Anglo-Saxondom remains outside the comity of civilised nations. So the publication of *Ulysses*, success or failure, is an event singularly important. It gives us at least our chance to rank as Europeans.

No doubt we shall take it—for I do not believe that it is the Anglo-Saxon publics that are at fault in the matter of civilisation. *Ulysses* will go on being miscalled or ignored by our official critics and will go on being officially disliked by our writers with livings to get. But the latter

* I may as well say that I am not unaware of the *Tarr* of Mr. Wyndham Lewis; of the works of Miss Dorothy Richardson; *Nocturne* of Mr. Swinnerton, or even of *Legend* by Miss Clemence Dane, each of which three last attacks one or other corner of Mr. Joyce's problem, whilst *Tarr* makes a shot, unrealistically, at the whole of it. I am, however, writing notes on *Ulysses*, not a history of a whole movement.

will have to take peeps at it so as not to let the always threatening " other fellow " get ahead; and gradually across our literature there will steal the Ulyssean complexion. That, I think, will be so obvious to any student of past literature that it hardly needs elaborating. Then our publics, learning to find their ways amongst complexities, will approach at least nearer to the fountain-head. This sounds improbable. But it should be remembered that there was once a time when the works of Alfred Tennyson were hailed as incomprehensible and when Charles Dickens clamoured for the imprisonment of Holman Hunt, painter of *The Light of the World*, as a portrayer of the obscene! Such strange revolutions have taken place; but they are conveniently ignored, as a rule.

I know that a thousand readers of THE ENGLISH REVIEW—or is it twenty thousand?—are waiting to tell me that Mr. Joyce is not Tennyson. But indeed I am aware of the fact and glad of it, since one more figure such as that must push English literature a thousand—or is it twenty thousand?—years back. And this is not to attack Tennyson!

It is to say that in matters of literature at least we have an ineffable complacency to which another such a Figure as that of the Bard of Haslemere could only immeasurably add: on the principle that " it is certain that my conviction gains immensely as soon as another soul can be found to " . . . put it into rhyme. Let that be how it may, it is certain that in Mr. Joyce we have at last, after one hundred and fifty-one years—I leave the date 1771 for the unriddlement of the literary learned—a writer who forms not only a bridge between the Anglo-Saxon writers and grown men,* but a bridge between Anglo-Saxondom and the Continent of Europe.

* " I should be said to insist absurdly on the power of my own confraternity " (that of the novelists) " if I were to declare that the bulk of the young people in the upper and middle classes receive their moral teaching chiefly from the novels that they read. Mothers would no doubt think of their own sweet teaching; fathers of the examples which they set; and schoolmasters of the excellence of their instructions. Happy is the country that has such mothers, fathers, and schoolmasters! But the novelist creeps in closer than the father, closer than the schoolmaster, closer almost than the mother. He is the chosen guide, the tutor whom the young pupil chooses for herself. She retires with him, suspecting no lesson . . . and there she is taught how she shall learn to love; how she shall receive the lover when he comes; how far she should advance

Ulysses, then, is an " adult," a European, work. That is why we fittingly call it incredible. For who, a year or so ago, would have believed it possible that any work having either characteristic would have been printed in the English language?

The question of the expression of what are called indecencies in the arts is one that sadly needs approaching with composure. I will claim to approach it with more composure than can most people. On the whole I dislike pornographic, or even merely " frank " writing in English —not on moral, but on purely artistic grounds, since so rare are franknesses in this language that frank words swear out of a page and frankly depicted incidents of a sexual nature destroy the proportions of a book. The reader is apt to read the book for nothing else.

On the question of whether the Young Person should be " told " truths about sexual matters I keep a quite open mind. If she should, well and good—as long as subtle-souled psychologists can be found at first to know and then to reveal that truth! If she shouldn't, there are locked book-cases and Acts of Parliament such as prevent the supply of cigarettes and racing circulars to the adolescent. But it is probably impossible to keep sexual knowledge from the Young Person who is determined to obtain it. Personally, I never had a book-case locked against me in my childhood; my father expressed to one of my schoolmasters the mild wish that I should not be encouraged to read " Byron," and naturally, as soon as I heard that I read three or four lines of *Manfred*. But I cannot remember a single indecent passage in any literature that I read before I was twenty, unless four lines of Milton that used to make one of my classes at school shiver with delight can be called indecent. My schoolfellows—at a great public school!—used to approach me, sometimes in bodies, I being reputed bookish, with requests that I would point out to them the " smutty " passages in the Bible and *Tom Jones*. But I did not know these, and I remember being severely man-handled on at least one occasion by ten or a

to meet the joy; why she should be reticent and not throw herself at once into this new delight. . . ."

I leave it to the reader to guess what—very great—novelist wrote that in the year 1880.

dozen older boys, because I refused. I formed even then the opinion that the appetite in humanity for sexually-exciting written details was an instinct of great strength, and nothing that I have since experienced has caused me to change that opinion.

My own " suppressions "—three in number—have been merely funny, and yet, reflectively considered, they are nearly as revelatory as any others.

Thus: A great many years ago an American publisher who afterwards became United States Ambassador to Great Britain, proposed to publish one of my works in his country. It was a novel, Tudor in tone. He sent for me one day and protested: " You know, we could not print this speech in the United States! " . . . To indicate something of great rarity one of my characters said: " You will find a chaste whore as soon as that! " I suggested mildly that he should print it: " You will find a chaste —— as soon as that! " But, " Oh! " exclaimed that publisher-diplomat, " we could never print the word ' chaste '; it is so suggestive! " And my book was never published in the United States.

Again: One of my colonels, formally using his powers under King's Regs., prohibited the publication of one of my books. He was of opinion that it was obscene; besides, he thought that " all this printing of books " ought to be stopped. He was a good fellow: he is dead now. My book he had not read. It was published by H.M. Ministry of Information over that officer's head—as British Governmental Propaganda, for recitation to French Tommies!

Again: Years ago I had a contract with a very respectable Liberal journal to supply once a week a critical article. Being in those days a " stylist," I had inserted in my contract a clause to the effect that the paper must publish what I wrote and must publish it without the alteration of a word. I had occasion then to write of two of the characters of some novel: " The young man could have seduced her for the price of a box of chocolates."

Late, late one night the editor of that journal rang me up on the telephone to beg me not to insist on his publishing those words; his readers, he said, were not so much strait-laced as particular. After I had gloated over his

predicament a little I told him that he might alter the words to suit his readers.

He altered them to: " The young man could have taken advantage of her at small cost "!

Now I hope I may be acquitted of personal resentment if I say that that publisher-ambassador and that editor—we may leave the colonel out of it, since he was purely irresponsible, desiring to suppress all books and authors on principle—that publisher and that editor credited their respective readers with minds extremely objectionable. For the person who prefers the phrase " take advantage of " to the word " seduce," like the person who cannot read the word " chaste " without experiencing indecent suggestions, must have the mind of a satyr. It would be better not to write, to publish, or to edit for him at all.

It is, of course, a fact that the serious artist is invariably persecuted when he trenches on matters that are open to the public handling of any pimp as long as he grins. It seems impossible to change that amiable *trait* in Anglo-Saxon officialdom. But that is not the same thing as saying that a change would not be a good thing. Before the war, when I was less of a hermit but much more ingenuous, I used to be shocked by the fact that a great many ladies whom I respected and liked possessed copies of, and gloated as it appeared over, a volume of dream-interpretations by a writer called Freud—a volume that seemed to me to be infinitely more objectionable, in the fullest sense of the term, than *Ulysses* at its coarsest now seems to me. For I can hardly picture to myself the woman who will be " taught to be immodest " by the novel; I could hardly in those days imagine anyone who could escape that fate when reading that—real or pseudo!—work of science. Yet I find to-day that the very persons who then *schwaermed* over Freud now advocate the harshest of martyrdoms for Mr. Joyce.

That is obviously because Mr. Joyce is composed, whilst Mr. Freud has all the want of balance of a scientist on the track of a new theory.

Composure, in fact, is the last thing that our ruling classes will stand in anything but games; that is to say that it is permitted to you to be earnest in frivolities, whereas to be in earnest about serious matters is a sort of sin against the Holy Ghost and the Common Law. That will have

to be changed—or we as a race shall have to go under. And we shall have to go under because of the quality of our minds; and the quality of our minds is what it is—because we cannot *stand* the composure of Mr. Joyce!

I cannot help these things; but I expect to be severely censured for making the constatation. As Matthew Arnold pointed out, we were in his day the laughing-stock of the world; to-day we are the laughing-stock and the great danger to civilisation. That is largely due to the nature of our present rulers—but only partly! Other nations have bad Governments and are yet not so universally distrusted. We are distrusted, lock, stock, and barrel, and every man jack of us because we are regarded not merely as a nation of shopkeepers, but as personally and every one of us hypocrites to boot.

Here is a passage which, I suppose, Mr. Joyce risks—possibly quite justifiably, who knows?—a long sentence for writing. It comes from the very height of his *Walpurgisnacht:*

PRIVATE COMPTON (*waves the crowd back*). Fair play here. Make a b . . . . . g butcher's shop of the . . . . . .

(*Massed bands blare "Garryowen" and "God Save the King."*)

CISSY CAFFREY. They're going to fight. For me! . . .

STEPHEN. The Harlot's cry from street to street
Shall weave old Ireland's winding-sheet.

PRIVATE CARR (*loosening his belt, shouts*). I'll wring the neck of any . . . . b . . . . . d says a word against my . . . . . King.

BLOOM (*shakes* CISSY CAFFREY'S *shoulders*). Speak, you! Are you struck dumb? You are the link between nations and generations. Speak, woman, sacred life-giver!

CISSY CAFFREY (*alarmed, seizes* PRIVATE CARR'S *sleeve*). Amn't I with you? Amn't I your girl? Cissy's your girl. (*She cries*) Police!

VOICES. Police!

DISTANT VOICES. Dublin's burning! Dublin's burning! On fire! On fire!

(*Brimstone fires spring up. Dense clouds roll past. Heavy Gatling guns boom. Troops deploy. Gallops of hoofs. Artillery. Hoarse commands. Bells clang. Backers shout. Drunkards bawl. W . . . . . s screech. Foghorns hoot. . . .*

In strident discord peasants and townsmen of Orange and Green factions sing "Kick the Pope" and "Daily, Daily, Sing to Mary.")

PRIVATE CARR (*with ferocious articulation*). I'll do him in, so help me . . . . . Christ! I'll wring the b . . . . d . . . . .'s . . . . . d . . . . . g windpipe!

OLD GUMMY GRANNY (*thrusts a dagger towards* STEPHEN'S *hand*). Remove him, acushla. At 8.35 a.m. you will be in heaven and Ireland will be free. (*She prays.*) O good God! Take him!

BLOOM. Can't you get him away? . . .

STEPHEN. *Exit Judas! Et laqueo se suspendit!*

BLOOM (*runs to* STEPHEN). Come along with me now before worse happens. Here's your stick. . . .

CISSY CAFFREY (*pulling* PRIVATE CARR). Come on. You're boosed. He insulted me, but I forgive him (*Shouting in his ear*). I forgive him for insulting me. . . .

PRIVATE CARR (*breaks loose*). I'll insult him!

(*He rushes towards* STEPHEN, *fists outstretched, and strikes him in the face.* STEPHEN *totters, collapses, falls stunned. He lies prone, his face to the sky, his hat rolling to the wall.* BLOOM *follows and picks it up.*)

That appears to have been an ordinary Dublin Night's Entertainment; the English reader may find it disagreeable to peruse. But I do not see that the adoption of a suppressive policy towards such matters does anyone much good. I ought to say that in Mr. Joyce's pages the epithets that my more coy pen has indicated with dots are written out in full. I don't see why they should not be: that is the English language as we have made it and as we use it—all except a very thin fringe of our More Select Classes. And that, in effect, is our civilisation of to-day—after a hundred years of efforts at repression on the part of those with Refined Poetic Imaginations.

For that, looking at the matter with the complete impartiality, and indeed the supreme indifference, of one who breeds animals, seems to me to be the main point about the whole matter. We have for just about a hundred years had, in Anglo-Saxondom, firstly repressive tendencies in the literary pundit, and then repressive legislation; at the present moment we are a race hysterical to the point of degeneracy in the pursuit of the salacious; our theatres cannot pay their way without bedrooms on the stage; our newspapers cannot exist without divorce-court and prostitute-murder cases, and the lubricities of the Freudian *idées-fixes* creep subterraneous—"creeping-rootstocks," to use a botanical term—in the under-minds of our More Select.

The language of our whole nation, except for a tiny and disappearing class, is of an aching filthiness that would add to the agonies of the damned in hell! Those *are* the facts: no one who has lived with men during the last eight years will deny them.

Then, a hundred years of repression having brought us to that pass, it would seem to be better to drop repressions! The promotion of them is an excellent way of making a career—as the late Mr. Comstock found it; an excellent way of extorting boodle; inflicting pain on the defenceless;

of attaining to haloes whilst perusing scabrous matter. All these ambitions, God knows, are human. Whether they are commendable would seem to be a matter of doubt. That they are extremely bad for a people is obvious to the composed in spirit. For if you expel Nature with handcuffs and the Tombs, it will burst forth on Broadway in pandemonium. Mr. Mencken in a *Book of Prefaces* presents us with evidence enough of that.

There is not very much about Mr. Joyce in all this—*et pour cause!* Mr. Joyce stands apart from this particular world of ambassador-publishers, lay and ecclesiastical editors, intelligentsia, and Comstockian orgies. To call a work that deals with city life in all its aspects " serene " would probably be to use the wrong word. And yet a great deal of *Ulysses* is serene, and possibly, except to our Anglo-Saxon minds, even the " disgusting passages " would not really prove disgusting. That is what one means when one calls *Ulysses* at last a European work written in English.

For indeed a book purporting to investigate and to render the whole of a human life cannot but contain " disgusting " passages; we come, every one of us, into a world as the result of an action that the Church—and no doubt very properly!—declares to be mortal sin; the great proportion of the food we eat and of the food eaten by the beasts that we eat is dung; we are resolved eventually into festering masses of pollution for the delectation of worms.

And it is probably better that from time to time we should contemplate these facts, hidden though they be from the usual contemplation of urban peoples. Otherwise, when, as inevitably we must, we come up against them we are apt to become overwhelmed to an unmanly degree. As against this weakness it would probably be good to read *Ulysses*. But I am not prescribing the reading of *Ulysses* as a remedy to a sick commonwealth.

Nor indeed do I recommend *Ulysses* to any human being. In the matter of readers my indifference is of the deepest. It is sufficient that *Ulysses*, a book of profound knowledges and of profound renderings of humanity, should exist—in the most locked of book-cases. Only . . . my respect that goes out to the human being that will read this book without much noticing its obscenities will be absolute; and I do not know that I can much respect any human

being that cannot do as much as that. But I daresay no human being desires my respect!

Let us copy out a random page from this book: this is Mr. Bloom, the advertisement canvasser of a Dublin paper, coming out from Mass and, on his way to a funeral, entering a chemist's to get a lotion made up for Mrs. Bloom:

He passed, discreetly buttoning, down the aisle and out through the main door into the light. He stood a moment, unseeing, by the cold black marble bowl, while before him and behind two worshippers dipped furtive hands in the low tide of the holy water. Trams; a car of Prescott's dyeworks; a widow in her weeds. Notice because I'm in mourning myself. He covered himself. How goes the time? Quarter past. Time enough yet. Better get that lotion made up. Where is this? Ah, yes, the last time Sweny's in Lincoln Place. Chemists rarely move. Their green and gold beaconjars too heavy to stir. Hamilton Long's founded in the year of the flood. Huguenot church near there. Visit some day.

He walked southwards along Westland Row. But the recipe is in the other trousers. O, and I forgot the latchkey too. Bore this funeral affair. O well poor fellow it's not his fault. When was it I got it made up last? Wait. I changed a sovereign, I remember. First of the month it must have been or second. O he can look it up in the prescription book.

The chemist turned back page after page. Sandy shrivelled smell he seems to have. Shrunken skull. And old. Quest for the philosopher's stone. The alchemists. Drugs age you after mental excitement. Lethargy then. Why? Reaction. A lifetime in a night. Gradually changes your character. Living all the day among herbs, ointments, disinfectants. All his alabaster lily-pots. Mortar and pestle. Aq. Dist. Fol. Laur. Te Virid. Smell almost cure you like a dentist's door bell. Doctor whack. He ought to physic himself a bit. Electuary or emulsion. The first fellow that picked an herb to cure himself had a bit of pluck. Simples. Want to be careful. Enough stuff here to chloroform you. Test: turns blue litmus paper red. Chloroform. Overdose of laudanum. Sleeping draughts. Love philtres. Paregoric poppysup bad for cough. Clogs the pores or the phlegm. Poisons the only cure. Remedy where you least expect it. Clever of nature.

—About a fortnight ago, sir?

—Yes, Mr. Bloom said.

He waited by the counter, inhaling the keen reek of drugs, the dusty dry smell of sponges and loofahs. Lot of time taken up telling your aches and pains.

—Sweet almond oil and tincture of benzoin, Mr. Bloom said, and then orangeflower water. . . .

It certainly made her skin so delicate white like wax.

—And white wax also, he said.

Brings out the darkness of her eyes. Looking at me, the sheet up to her eyes, smelling herself, Spanish, when I was fixing the links in my cuffs. Those homely remedies are often the best: strawberries for the teeth: nettles and rainwater: oatmeal they say steeped in buttermilk. . . .

That is a page of *Ulysses*, selected at random and exactly measured. There are in this book 732 such pages; they were written in Trieste, Zurich, and Paris during the years 1914 to 1921. The reader will say they are not exhilarating: they are not meant to be. And yet . . . how exhilarating they are!

Boobo, Prize Fighter

By Leonard B. Gullick

CHAPTER I

WAY out in the backwoods of Athabanak lived Boobo. For sixteen hours a day, wet or fine, sunshine or snow, did Boobo toil in the backwoods of Athabanak, hewing, chopping, ploughing, sowing, reaping, carting, heaving, scavenging. This was Boobo's life.

One Sunday, when Boobo was lying in a field enjoying his weekly holiday of one hour, he happened to espy a peculiar herb, the like of which he had never seen before. Boobo was hungry; his wages of two dollars a week were not sufficient to satisfy his needs. He had been chopping down backwoods since six o'clock in the morning, and there still remained an infinite number of backwoods, which he would be chopping down until nine o'clock at night. Yes, Boobo was hungry. He plucked the peculiar herb, and found that it had a fine fat root, which looked good to eat. Boobo ate it.

A few minutes later Boobo felt a strange and mighty strength taking possession of his body. He stood up. He was seized with a mad desire to run, whither he knew not. Boobo ran. He ran and ran and ran, gathering strength with every step, until at length he came to a vast mountain, the sides of which were covered with wild bulls grazing in the sun.

Boobo looked upon the bulls, and longed to be grazing with them in the sun. The bulls stopped grazing and looked at Boobo. Then they looked at one another. One bull, more savage than the rest, stepped out from his companions and approached Boobo. His intention was to toss Boobo up into the sky, catch him upon his spiky horn, shake the life out of his body and cast the fragments to the winds. But this was not what Boobo wanted. The herb which he had eaten had brought him to the bulls,

and it was with the bulls that he meant to live. If he had to fight for his right to live with the bulls, Boobo was ready to fight. For the herb had not only given him the soul of a wild bull, but had also made him mightier than the wildest wild bull in the world.

So Boobo was not afraid. He dealt one terrific blow on the forehead of the savage beast, and sent him tottering lifeless into the valley beneath. From this moment Boobo and the bulls were friends and settled down happily together on the mountain side.

Meanwhile, way out in the backwoods of Athabanak Boobo was sadly missed. There was no one to fell the trees that Boobo used to fell; no one to cart and hew and heave, at any rate so well and so cheaply as Boobo used to do. Search parties were sent out, but Boobo was nowhere to be found. At last, however, came word by a wandering backwoodsman that far away on the mountain side he had spied Boobo grazing with the bulls. So convincing was his story that a large rescue party was sent out, to bring Boobo back. Alas! Not a man returned. Again and again were parties sent to rescue Boobo, but never a man returned, until at last there was scarcely a man left alive, way out in the backwoods of Athabanak.

And Boobo went on grazing happily with the bulls.

CHAPTER II

Zach Q. Tooth Picker, Jnr., sat at his desk in his New York office, thinking hard.

If the story he had heard were true, he told himself, then there awaited him the biggest fortune that had ever happened. And Zach Q. Tooth Picker, Jnr., was in need of a fortune. His last one had evaporated, and his bank account was many thousands overdrawn. That's why he sat at his desk, thinking hard.

Now Z. Q., as he was familiarly called in sporting circles, was a man of quick decisions. He made up his mind ten times as quickly as any other man in New York City. He leapt from his chair, threw down his black cigar, swallowed his seventh highball, spat accurately at the date on the calendar across the room, lit a fresh cigar, seized his hat and strode out into the street.

This meant that his mind was made up; and heaven help everyone when Z. Q.'s mind was made up.

By lunch time his plans were made. He had called at his bank, arranged an overdraft for a further million dollars, mustered an army of 500 men, purchased 100 machine-guns and a fleet of armoured cars, hired a gang of lassoists, bought up all the leading lion-tamers of the United States, and stocked himself with a canteen of food and drink and cigars sufficient to last for six months. By tea-time the expedition, completely equipped in every detail, was on the road. And all this with such perfect secrecy that not a soul in New York knew a word about it.

Thus did Z. Q. set out to find the man who was to take the earth by storm, the man who would knock out Koo Koo, "The Inhuman Baboon," the dreaded champion fighter of the world.

CHAPTER III

A week later Z. Q. lay back in the cushions of his armoured saloon, watching through his horn-rimmed spectacles the fiercest battle that ever was fought in the history of the world. Time and again did the wild bulls roar down upon his men; time and again did his gallant little band repel them. Casualties on both sides were growing heavy; Boobo himself must have already accounted for 100 men; three armoured cars had been crushed to powder, and dozens of machine-guns sent hurtling into space. Z. Q. was anxious. The floor of his saloon was littered with half-smoked cigars. Yet, looking at his placid features as he lolled back sipping his highball, none would have suspected that he had a worry in the world. It was at such moments that the Man came out in Z. Q.—the marvellous man of colossal business acumen, impervious to the foolish emotions of life.

The battle was raging more furiously. Boobo was the trouble. "Shoot at his legs," Z. Q. ordered, but it was in vain; the bullets ricocheted off his iron limbs, as they would off a blacksmith's anvil.

"What a magnificent man!" murmured Z. Q., the sportsman in him coming out even at this desperate moment.

Ah! The lassoists were at work now. A wonderful

body of men. They had got Boobo chloroformed and were dragging him away, chased and surrounded by a snorting herd of savage, infuriated beasts. How valiantly they worked! And how magnificently were they supported by the few remaining machine-gun men! Nearer and nearer they were coming to the car reserved for Boobo, where the lion-tamers were waiting for him with their store of carrots and champagne. It was a terrible fight. Beasts and men were falling thick and fast, and it was touch and go whether they would get the last few yards. They would—they wouldn't! Ah! Six men were left. They had reached the car—five men. Could they do it?

"Heave!" roared Z. Q. through his megaphone, and with one last heroic effort, the brave lads, gored, battered and torn, hurled the unconscious Boobo into the car.

"Away! Away!" called Z. Q. with characteristic decision. "Quick, away!"

There was not a moment to spare, not a moment to waste on the survivors and the wounded. The mad bulls were surging down upon Boobo's car, eager to rend it to pieces. Time was life or death; it was also dollars, millions a second.

Away they sped, over hills and dells and crags and torrents, through deserts and forests and bogs, through darkness and light, until at last they reached a spot where they were out of danger. Here they halted and pitched their camp.

None of the party were left save Z. Q., his valet, the lion-tamers, the veterinary surgeons, the cooks, and the cocktail mixer. But these were all that were needed now for the fulfilment of Z. Q.'s stupendous and plucky undertaking.

CHAPTER IV

The taming of Boobo turned out to be a simpler matter than even Z. Q. had dreamed to be possible. In three weeks they had got him to wear clothes and to stand on his hind legs, cured him of his bellowing by cutting out his tongue, and taught him to drink champagne out of a tumbler. He was now perfectly quiet and docile, and, though he continued to roll his great eyes savagely around in a most terrifying manner, he would harm no one. Every

morning Z. Q. would call on him and sit silently beside him, drinking champagne and smoking his long black cigars. And all this time Z. Q. was a happy man, for he knew that the day was drawing near when the world's greatest sporting prize would fall into his hands.

One thing only remained, and that was to teach Boobo, upon a given signal from Z. Q., to annihilate any man who should be dressed in the costume of a pugilist. To this end the clever lion-tamers slaved tirelessly, day in and day out, sparing neither carrots nor champagne, until they had taught him to respond to the word " Shoot," quietly uttered by Z. Q. from a corner of the room. They scoured the countryside for human beings, dressed them as pugilists, and brought them as sparring-partners to Boobo's room.

" Shoot! " Z. Q. would say quietly, and every time, without fail, the poor fools would be lying headless upon the floor, while Boobo sat quietly down to his carrots and champagne, rolling his great eyes and grinning with fiendish delight at his performance.

CHAPTER V

Zach Q. Tooth Picker, Jnr., sat at his desk in his New York office. The day of the great fight had come. The world was ringing with the story of his amazing challenge. " Crazy Z. Q." they called him, and certainly they seemed justified. For had not Koo Koo, " The Inhuman Baboon," accounted in three successive fights for Bruno, " The Human Bear," Shrieking Sambo, " The Infernal Chimpanzee," and finally that most terrifying of all sportsmen, " Squinting Pimpo," the three-armed monster-madman of Minsk?

Could it be conceivable that Z. Q. had found a man to stand up to Koo Koo? And who was this Boobo? All the world was asking, who was this Boobo? Where did he come from? True, Z. Q. had been absent from New York for ten weeks, and if Z. Q. is absent all the world knows that something staggering must be going on. And Z. Q. was a man who commanded more respect among sportsmen than any other living soul. Still—this time he had gone too far; he had bitten off more than he could

chew. There could be no doubt about it. Crazy Z. Q.—that was the verdict.

Z. Q. sat calmly in his office. Telephones were buzzing all around him, and clerks were booking bets for him faster than they could write them down. Four to one was being freely laid against Boobo, and four to one was being as freely accepted by Z. Q.

Z. Q. looked at his watch. He stretched himself lazily. He figured that he could not be winning less than eighty million dollars, and this was all he wanted. He lit another cigar, finished his twelfth highball, and decided to close the office.

"You can quit now, you guys," he said to his staff, spitting with wonderful accuracy at the electric light switch on the opposite wall.

He strolled to his club, between the long lines of cinema-operators, sat down, ordered a cocktail and lit a black cigar, as unconcernedly as if he were a sleeping partner in a firm of ecclesiastical booksellers.

And in two hours he would be the richest man in the universe, and the most famous but one of this or any other age. And that one was Boobo, his Boobo, for whose sake he had risked all and spent the hardest weeks of his career.

Truly a wonder man was Z. Q.

CHAPTER VI

The story of the fight, for which a special stadium had very properly been erected, and which was witnessed by 700,000 people (not including the twenty odd thousand who were crushed to death going in), how Boobo with one punch sent Koo Koo's head into the twenty-ninth row seats and then sat in his corner devouring dozens of carrots and magnums of champagne, how the referee solemnly counted out Koo Koo's trunk in order to give the cinema-operators a longer reel, how the cheers and roars and rattles and whistles and megaphones were heard by the passengers of the *Sequitania* just off the Irish Coast—all this and more has been written and re-written as the greatest chapter in the history of the noblest of all sports.

CHAPTER VII

Boobo, " The Heavenly Bullock," world champion, world hero, remains unchallenged. If you would see him and his manager, Zach Q. Tooth Picker, Jnr., " The Prince of Sportsmen," you have only to step round one morning and join the throng outside their palace in Berkeley Square, where you may watch them drive out in one of their 200 h.p. pink and yellow striped limousines, Boobo gazing modestly into space and Z. Q. reclining contentedly among the scarlet and green striped cushions, always smoking the famous black cigar, which he only removes from his mouth occasionally to spit at a passing lamp-post.

If you would get closer still to them, you have only to look up their programme for the day in the notes of any newspaper which has at heart the interests of true sport. You may lunch near them at Claridge's or the Savoy, you may dine and sup beside them at the Ritz or Carlton. Or you may line up outside and wave your hat to them as they drive in. You may meet them at the races, the theatre, and the ball, for they mix with the world and go about just like ordinary people.

If you do not want to see them—but who does not want to see them? Are we not a nation of sportsmen? Hail, brave Boobo! Hail, Z. Q., Prince of Sportsmen! We are proud to have you with us. Brave fighters we have always loved—even such as Heenan, Tom Sayers, Slavin, Jem Mace . . . who fought, with no cinema rights, for a purse that makes you smile; others, too, who fought for no purse at all, and—God knows!—with no cinema rights —Nelson, McCudden, Grenfell, Selous, and many many more.

Yes, we are a nation of sportsmen. Let sport be our king! Kings do not die.

If the King be dead—long live the King!

Aims and Origin of the Fascisti

By Dr. C. Pellizzi

WHEN the Great War began the Italians were allied to the Central Empires, but their ideals as well as their interests were rather on the side of the Allies. Then it happened that many young and energetic elements of the Left parties abandoned their old organisations and formed heterogeneous groups of interventionist propaganda. These groups were generally called " Fasci " (a classic Roman word), and their one common principle was that any future improvement of the moral and material conditions of the Italian people could only take origin from Italy sharing her part of the burden of the Great War. So these first *Fasci* were chiefly composed of Republicans, Syndicalists, Socialists, Radicals, even Anarchists, not to speak of young people coming from constitutional parties, who joined the *Fasci* as an act of protest against the weak interventionism of their party fellows. Thus it may truly be said that Fascismo has had since its remotest origins a predominating revolutionary character.

Later on, whilst practically all those young men were at the front, the ominous campaign of pacifists and Bolshevists succeeded in influencing a large part of the masses, and soon after the Armistice there was a general breakdown of the national feeling and of the civil sense of order and mutual respect all over the country. This fact galvanised the Fascisti again, and drew them, in strong militarised bodies, to fight against that irresponsible spirit of demagogism and disorder which had pervaded the masses, the Parliament, and even the authorities of the Government itself. Their point was still that of 1914 and 1915, namely, that participation in the Great War would be actually the beginning of a better and greater Italy. This was an extremely unpopular point in 1919 and after, as the Right Wing parties themselves were more or less disillusioned with

the results of the war; and Mussolini called them, with a successful irony, " the repentant Magdalens."

The Fascisti held that no exaggerated respect was to be paid to the existing laws and to the fixed authorities, when the latter were weak and practically irresponsible, and the former not even respected by the adversaries of their own movement; that internal enemies had to be fought with their own systems and arms, and that any violent reaction was lawful against the apostles of revolution by violence.

Benito Mussolini, the founder and the chief leader of the Fascisti, is a clear, courageous thinker and an effective polemist. His personal, even physical, courage is boundless, his power over the masses is contagious, whilst he possesses to the highest degree the qualities of prudence and of realistic vision. One would imagine that he is the offspring of a lost dynasty of Roman " Centuriones," mixed up with a family of mediæval Condottieri. Still very young, he was a schoolmaster and journalist; soon he became a prominent leader of the Socialist Party, at the head of the wing of the revolutionary Syndicalists. He was much more inclined to follow the ideas of Sorel and other modern writers than classic Marxism. So, after having been editor of the *Avanti!*, the leading Socialist paper, he was finally expelled from the Socialist Party because of his " unorthodox " tendencies.

He was an exile for years. At one time, in Switzerland, he earned his living by working as a bricklayer. He is a man of the people and has spent most of his life among the lower classes, sharing their habits, their pains, their labours; none would be better entitled than he to call himself a self-made man. The consequence of all this is that Mussolini loves the people, but distrusts majorities.

Soon after his expulsion from the Socialist Party he founded the *Popolo d'Italia*, a paper that played a great part in Italy's joining the Allies in the war, and shortly in due course brought Mussolini to be considered as the head of the Fascista movement.

Mussolini has not rejected the whole bulk of his early Syndicalism. I remember him, not a long time ago, fighting hardily in the Fascisti councils on the point that Fascismo should be also a Syndicalist movement. But he denies

that labour should be anti-national; he denies the Socialist distinction of society into bourgeoisie and proletariat; he is a fierce enemy of the class-spirit and of the class-fight. He wants to see the syndicates as something rather similar to the mediæval guilds, with their professional pride and strong social and national feelings. The Fascista syndicates are actually called " corporazioni " (guilds). The aim of politics is, according to him, the daily victory of quality over quantity; of the few best ones over the number; of spirit over matter; of audacity and self-sacrifice over opportunism and egoism. So far as these latter things may be called "democracy," Fascismo is an anti-democratic movement.

At the present moment there are some four hundred thousand " black-shirts," or " principi " (according to the division of the old Roman army), and many thousands of " triari " (reserve soldiers). The " principi " are strictly militarised; before being admitted in the ranks they take the oath to be " faithful to God and country "; their officers act under the control and the responsibility of the local " direttorii," or political executive committees. When the Fascista army is mobilised, but only in such case, full authority is given to a secret military command. Their smallest unit is the " manipolo "; then come the " squadra," " centuria," " coörte," and " legione," all organised on the lines of the classic Roman armies. There are Fascista women forming special groups under women commanders.

The regulation of discipline of the Fascista army is worth studying by those interested in social and political philosophy. It states that the Fascista militant must serve his country " in purity of spirit "; that " he only knows duties, his one right being that of accomplishing his duty and rejoicing himself in it "; that he shall " obey with humility and command with strength "; that he has a morality of his own, far more severe and strong than that of all other people, something like the law of honour of the ancient knights, being always above the formal and written law of the country.

Besides the military organisation there are the guilds, including little less than one million workers of all kinds in these days. The members of guilds are not as such

Fascisti; they only disavow the principle of class-fighting, they admit class co-operation, they assume their guilds to be essential elements in the life of the nation. Between the guilds and the " black-shirts " there is the rallying organisation of the " groups of competence." These are mostly formed by " triari," and sometimes even by non-Fascista elements. Their task is to study local and general problems, concerning labour, industry, administrative and educational problems, and so forth. They are all experts in the special problems they have to deal with, and they are chosen and appointed by special Fascista authorities, after having heard the opinions of the local " direttorii " and eventually of the guilds' leaders. Differences of opinion between members of the same group or between various groups have to be judged by the superior authorities, and, in the last instance, by the Chief and the General Committee of the party.

The leader of the Fascista guilds is Edmondo Rossoni, an experienced and enthusiastic Syndicalist, who was an emigrant in America for many years; their general secretary is Dr. Preziosi, a highly cultured and cool-spirited young man. The groups of competence are under the lead of Massimo Rocca; this man was originally a printing-worker who could afford to take a university degree in pure mathematics; in his youth he was the most eminent journalist of the Anarchist party, which he left later on when he became one of the leading figures of Fascismo; he has a deep and first-rate knowledge of financial and economic problems, and also of the political situation all over the world. The General Secretaries of the party itself are Signor Michele Bianchi, an ex-Socialist, and Signor Sansanelli, the young organiser of the Fascio of Naples. Another eminent personality in the Fascista ranks is Dr. Agostino Lanzillo, an ex-Socialist lawyer in Milan, who in 1918 published a book under the prophetic title, *The Débâcle of Socialism.*

To sum up, we may say that Fascismo is first of all an upheaval of the Italian mind against the worship of foreign ideas and principles not suitable to the Italian temperament, necessities and traditions. It actually implies a philosophy of its own, although it has not yet fully expressed it. Up to now it has been a faith and a method;

a faith in God (with no denominational stiffness), in the future of the country, in the progress of humanity. But these faiths are common to other parties. What gives Fascismo its peculiar character are its methods. The Fascisti assume that progress is not fatalistic, neither is economy the master of the world; they are strictly idealistic, and they insist that the right has always to be fought for, with absolute discipline and self-sacrifice; that "to be human is something more than to be humane"; that a free and ever-changing aristocracy has to assume the direction of social affairs. They strive to educate such an aristocracy inside their own ranks.

The Fascisti assume that humanity has to take into account the denominator of nationalities. Nationality is a spiritual factor of first importance; and it has to be understood that, in their view, nationality does not mean a majority of people actually designed by a common adjective; it means a tradition from history and faith in the future. However, most of the Fascista leaders are Mazzinians, and they think every nation has to be something like a special note in the symphony of human community.

They have been, and still are, ruthlessly frank, even harsh, in asserting their position in internal politics; they will do the same in what concerns external affairs. The claim for "a public diplomacy" will never find so striking a satisfaction as from the Fascisti rulers. They all think that Europe is a wreck under the present treaties and conditions; they assume that of Europe only what is morally and historically real deserves to be saved. They think the time has come when all useless chatterings about universal friendships, rights of everybody, and so on, ought to be put aside; they have always been rather suspicious of the League of Nations, a body which, so far as it has done anything, seems to them to have always worked on the line of the most old-fashioned "illuministic" platitudes. Moreover, they suspect the League to have been too subservient to the ends of some of the Powers that won the war.

They stand against any French military hegemony on the Continent, as well as against an English naval hegemony in the Mediterranean. "The Mediterranean to the Mediterraneans," in practice, will only mean that the Mediterranean must be a free sea, both from the economic and

the military point of view. Italy is much more a Mediterranean than a European country. Her national welfare and her national dignity both depend on the Mediterranean not being overruled by any nation, especially by a non-Mediterranean nation. The Greeko-British policy in these last months simply brought them to desperation. It seemed as if, through the puppet of Greece, England was aiming at a sort of dictatorship over the whole of the Mediterranean problems. The reaction was rather excessive and impulsive in words; we may calmly expect that it will be firm but moderate in deeds. Most of the authoritative Fascisti believe that the pre-war naval *entente* between England and Italy should be revived.

Another interesting topic may be that of the Fascista attitude towards the Versailles Treaty. I think their point may be stated like this: that the Treaty will never work as far as it is wrong. And, as far as it is wrong, it is true that Europe is a wreck. But to re-mould the Treaty would not suffice to cure Europe of its illness; the Treaty is only a symptom; the illness is much deeper, and many Italians believe that Fascismo is a radical medicine in the affairs of their own country.

The same medicine, let us say, will not hold good for every other country in the world. The Fascista experiments now being performed in Bavaria, France, and elsewhere are, as far as we can guess, ill-spirited fakes of a healthy original. They seem to be blindly anti-Jewish, anti-Liberal, Chauvinistic, and altogether Conservative, on a plane of Conservatism which happily is no longer suited to the English people. They are revivals of old things; Fascismo is the beginning of an entirely new sense of human life. An Italian Fascista would sing and forgive his enemies, where these hasty imitators are blaspheming and trying to keep the old quarrels alive.

Parliament Regained

By Austin Harrison

THE elections, if Ministerially fought on back-chat and brain estimates, have once more proved the virtues and weaknesses of our democracy. To the unspeakable astonishment of a Coalition which had become too proud to think, the submerged, inarticulate voice of governed Britain asserted itself with a sudden and almost fierce determination, and the Tories, who so often carry out the behests of the Left, struck gamely, won easily, and have now a clear majority over all other parties. The Coalition is dead. We return to party politics. People can think again and talk again; we now are responsible to ourselves. It was high time. England had fallen asleep. Literally, nobody cared or thought. We were a ship adrift without a crew. To-day, we have at least an engine-room, some midshipmen, and a sturdy fo'c'sle. The ship is ours. As she sails down the Thames all England waves a hat.

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Analysed from the record of votes, the absurdity of our out-of-date franchise is startling. On votes, or majority rule, the Conservatives polled just over a million more than Labour, the Liberals scoring two and a half millions, National Liberals over one and a half millions, despite which the Tories emerge with a majority of nearly eighty over all parties, though Liberals and Labour together outvoted them by over a million and a half. But that does not end the anomaly. The National Liberals registered over a million and a half votes. Many of those candidates are, were, or may be again, Liberals. We may say this. On practically all questions save money, Labour and the two wings of Liberals think more or less alike so far as fundamentals are concerned, and possess *de facto* the country's mandate. Against the Tory vote of 5,400,000 they can place a total of 8,300,000, and more with the Indepen-

dents. Thus a party governs on an absolute minority vote by reason of an out-of-date franchise which on the Continent has mostly been superseded. The true position in the House as shown by the P.R. table would give these figures: Conservatives, 207 members; Labour, 163 members; Liberals, 99 members; National Liberals, 59 members; Independents, 13 members. That is the real Parliamentary balance of power. Our electoral system has become undemocratic. It is, to say the least, quite unworthy of post-war Britain.

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Characteristically with the Tory victory food prices have begun to rise, nor can it truthfully be said that much has altered. The control is pretty similar to the Coalition, though its quality is marked down, with the one significant omission of the ex-Premier, over whose body the election was passionately fought—on a referendum he would probably be voted back. The return of a Nationalist and of a Sinn Feiner in Fermanagh and Tyrone settle a deep controversy which will have to be taken into account by the Boundary Commission, thus further elucidating the Irish problem, and in general the elections showed that candidates who stood resolutely for something survived, whereas compromisers foundered; the women—it is a pity more were not elected—as anticipated, voted neutrally, and there was the usual crop of falls, surprises, and electoral absurdities, as in Portsmouth Central. Constantinople once more smashed Mr. Churchill. The capital levy smashed Mr. Henderson. Owing to the split, lack of programme, and the personal recriminations involved, Liberalism failed. It stood between the Devil and the deep sea in conditions of flux and division. Perhaps the most interesting question in the new Parliament will be the fortunes of this broken-up party, which obviously has only two alternatives—fusion or extinction. As it stands, it resembles Liberalism in the German Reichstag after Bismarck. The National Liberals in Germany became Tories, the Radicals dwindled to a faction, youth and enthusiasm joining Social Democracy. That is to-day our position. Re-stated, reorganised, re-led, Liberalism has a real future as the Fascismo of balanced idealism, or Centre; split, factious, antiquated and con-

servative, it can, in the pressure of economic conditions prevailing, acquire no conquering purpose, and, as a negative, must decline and disintegrate. In many ways this is England's question because, after all, Liberalism is England's spirit. If money is to be the issue and the politics of the country are to be whittled down to a struggle between pro-capitalists and anti-capitalists, Liberalism can have no rallying-power and no inspiration, since merely to take a side, to follow meekly the marching orders of a static Opposition, is neither to be convincing nor convinced. As the " Foreign Legion " of a militant anti-Labour Toryism, Liberalism can only be a " glider " without a dynamo, at the mercy of the gales and calms. It cannot thrive as a Sultan under an Angora Government. It has not moved on, its economics have got stuck; if it is to blossom forth, it must first know how and where it differs from Toryism, and thus acquire the new enthusiasm.

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On the whole, all can be satisfied—we have a Parliament—but the chief cause for rejoicing is the Opposition. That at least is real. In debating skill, in sincerity of purpose, in intelligence and combativeness, the Opposition is redoubtable. Labour now has a General Staff. Under Ramsay Macdonald, Thomas, Snowden, Clynes, Sidney Webb, Wedgwood, Lansbury, Trevelyan, Ponsonby, Lees-Smith, Patrick Hastings, K.C., and Morel, Labour becomes the official Opposition, a party instead of a trade union delegation. Debates will no longer be dictates. The Press will have to take notice again of Parliament. Particularly in foreign policy these men will matter. A live critical force will be generated, which should make the new House as lively as the late one was dull and unintelligent. And behind, there are once more mercurial spirits. The " brothers " Pringle and Hogge have returned in charge of their machine-gun; Mr. Kenworthy is back, and there are skirmishers of a new sort, such as Mr. Scrymgeour. There will be Sir John Simon, Mr. Wedgwood Benn, and Mr. Asquith to give Parliament tone and dignity, and the incalculable and still dominant force in political life—the ex-Premier shepherding the activities of a doughty band of stalwarts and recruits, from Sir Alfred Mond to Mr.

Shakespeare, who are not likely simply to trot round the circus at the flick of the imperious whip of Sir George Younger. This can hardly be Mr. Lloyd George's lot. What will he do? Will he be the reserve storm-brigade of Mr. Bonar Law? Or will he oppose the "single" command? If the former, then the Tories may enjoy a fairly long innings. But if the ex-Premier reverts to Liberalism and a basis for reconstruction can be found (and why not?), there will be two great parties in opposition, comprising veritably all the talents, in which case the Government will find itself out-thought, out-spoken, and out-generalled on practically any issue save that of money, which is largely fear—hardly a pleasant position for a majority whose leader is admittedly not expected to remain long in office and whose mandate rests upon the gamble of a system which returns 178 Conservative members by minority votes.

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Such is the new House—fifty-fifty or thereabouts. Three definite issues are at stake—Liberalism and its fate; Labour and its future; Government and its authority. Labour will certainly be tested in the new Parliament now that it possesses the true conditions of a party, as opposed to the old trade union officialdom, and obviously its future in a nation of shopkeepers will depend upon its power of attracting the intelligence or creative force of the community constitutionally. Liberalism will largely depend for the immediate future upon Mr. Lloyd George. It is said that many of the National Liberals were returned by pre-arrangement on Tory votes; they are consequently Sir George Younger's coupon-iers. How far this is true remains to be seen. If the right wing of Liberalism is tongue-tied and sits in the House as the choir-boys of a coupon, the Government may for the nonce look the stronger, but in the country it will grow weaker as inevitably the flattening influence of yet another spurious Coalition makes itself manifest and men realise that only the label of Heidsieck has been changed to hide-and-seek. It is difficult to believe that the ex-Premier, who is unquestionably the first rapier in the House, the most dangerous foe, the most conspicuous demagogue, will be content to amble

on a leading-rein beside a Premier whose electoral programme consisted in the negationalism of not knowing where "I am," or that, now that he is aware that the people put him out because he believed in Coalition and they did not, he will repeat the mistake by bland, placid, docile adhesion to what is a misrepresentative mandate contrary to democratic form and even the intelligence of a progressive people. The glaring monstrosity of a so-called majority electoral system which results in an absolute minority majority is too unjust to be passed over, and if the Opposition would only unite upon this one central issue, the Tory reign would soon be over. Mr. Lloyd George of course is fully aware of the power potentially in his hands. He is hardly the man to lounge at the tiller of a towed barge.

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In this Parliament the ex-Premier will resemble the whale-thresher in the wake of Mr. Bonar Law's whale, and he will or may be the leader of a school of satellite whale-threshers careering round the huge and not over-animate monster of authority, waiting to find a soft spot and the right opportunity to use his formidable flail. When we reflect that London returned 41 members on a vote of 575,644, whereas an anti-Government vote of 638,657 could only return 18 M.P.'s, we face a rottenness which cannot possibly endure, for our so-called "assize" is a proven farce which reduces politics to an exasperating anomaly. Mr. Bonar Law will govern as a minority for a minority—that is the truth of his position. The country have not voted Tory, still less have they voted for any reactionary form of administration. He does not even represent the pendulum, which has swung emphatically towards the Left. And that, it would seem, must be the ex-Premier's clue. That Left wants peace, freedom, trade, and opportunity. Mr. Bonar Law owes his mandate to the same kind of motiveless dissatisfaction that in America selected President Harding. The country wants to be left alone. It is weary of taxable glory on diminishing returns. As America voted to get out of Europe, so Britain has voted to get out of Mesopotamia. That is the Premier's difficulty. A Toryism glued to pacifism has a queer oriflamme. A

Government elected to "shut up" starts with a distinct handicap, for to-day only a Government which acts and can do things has any justification. If it does nothing, it will merely imitate the Coalition. If it attempts reaction, it will be doomed. If it acts contrary to the Opposition majority, it will kindle its own funeral pyre. The do-nothing attitude is simply a manifestation, it is not and cannot be a policy. All Europe is sinking; our exports are not improving, unemployment is the nation's urgent problem. Only heroic remedies can avail. The question for Mr. Bonar Law is, what is he going to do? Has he a policy? Can he make peace? Can he reduce taxation? In these circumstances the ex-Premier will have to look to his Achillean heel, which unquestionably is Liberalism. There the hopes, prospects, and realities of something higher than party are centred. There our civilisation will come to grips with a part of its destiny.

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The position of a typical Victorian Tory Government pledged to peace, retrenchment, and reform is fascinating. Mr. Bonar Law and his party cashed the Versailles Treaty, from which poison Europe and ourselves are suffocating, and is just as responsible for the new war map and the Turkish-Mesopotamian commitments as are the ex-Premier, Mr. Churchill, or Lord Birkenhead and half of his returned following. And now things in Europe are moving again. Germany has sunk into financial bankruptcy. France repeats her blind determination to use Reparations as the instrument to secure the Rhine and the break-up of industrial Germany, and doubtless will now use Turkey as an inducement to further this end. There is another change —Fascismo under Mussolini. This is no ordinary revolutionary upheaval; it is a resurrection of character, something new in politics, the spirit of which it behoves us not to misjudge. As England elects a Government which does not know where it is, Italy finds her Cromwell. We have in Fascismo more than a Mediterranean or volcanic symptom. It is the movement of Youth and of artists, almost a sociological phenomenon. Quite erroneous statements have been made in our Press about the Fascisti, who seem capable of astonishing the Chancelleries and war-minds of

old Europe. In its cool arrogance to-day it looks like some avenging spirit. It is to be hoped that our new Government will study it, for most certainly it is a better horse than Greece, and though Fascismo may be quite specifically Italian in scope and utility, its message to all Europe in ruins is one of hopefulness and its moral only too poignant. Partisans view it with fear. That is its meaning. It is the phœnix of fear—courage. It has stepped into power over a Government afraid and too corrupt to govern. It has a good exchange. Thus we see two unexpected re-assertions and yet another deposed dynasty. Turkey, not afraid to die, issues victorious, while the Caliph joins the Kaiser. Italy not afraid to die, and so reborn. These two gentlemen's revolutions are clearances of the Treaties. They will date a re-beginning. Europe has begun to revive, that is the lesson. Europe will fight it out or think it out.

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Thus, both with Turkey and Italy, Mr. Bonar Law has nice opportunities. But he must act, for the Turks know where they are; so does Italian Fascismo, and so does France. Platitudinous chatter about the Entente will not ease our pains, bank overdrafts, exports, or unemployment, and unless, with Mussolini, we too are prepared to examine the basis of useful co-operation, our diplomacy will get deeper in the mire and we shall reap nothing but increased odium. Foremost among our difficulties stand Reparations. Until that hypocrisy is removed nothing can happen. When Mr. Lloyd George fell Paris revelled in the latest street-vendor's toy—the Premier's legacy. He left his money to his family, his heart to Germany. That is typical of the feeling. The Tories the French think they can " manage." Such is the depth to which Entente politics have sunk. The French are likely to have another disappointment. Yet our course is clear. It lies *via* America. It lies in fixing Reparations at a sensible figure and then summoning a world conference to wipe off all debts. And we too must acquire honesty. If our policy is to be revenge, victimisation, and despoliation on the plea that Germany was solely responsible for the war, which we now have documentary evidence is untenable, we cannot compel reason in France,

who speculates on strategy, not on marks, the only interest of which to her lies in their control, thus enabling her to inflate or deflate Germany at will. The paper policy is Germany's answer. Were Germany to stabilise next week, balance the Budget, and emerge with a new currency according to Keynes and Cassel, and no debts, France would at once cry " Now Germany can pay," and the paper policy would begin over again. Finance is a fiction, that is all. So Stinnes prefers paper. Print, he says. Print all Europe down into bankruptcy. It is the political economy of Versailles, the blame for which lies in the incredible Treaty. Will Mr. Bonar Law denounce it, moderate it, amend it? Will he listen to Lord Derby or to Mr. McKenna? If he has no policy, the paper game will continue until France seizes the Rhine and Bavaria secedes under a monarchy of her own to await the coming of a second Stein and Bismarck, or a European Fascismo summarily takes the job in hand. Then the next war of liberation will be assured—Germany and Russia *versus* France and her fighting creations. In the meanwhile Europe will sink into chaos. Our trade will decrease, our unemployment increase. Still, Mr. Bonar Law may know a way out, and if so he will be blessed. If not, Mr. Lloyd George's one year's lease of Abingdon Street may prove of sufficient duration.

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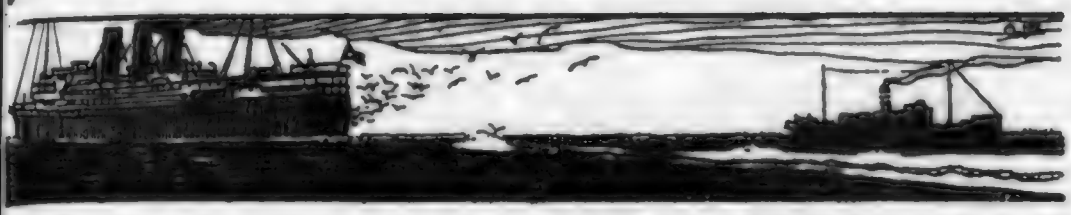
America too is moving up and back, so that fresh opportunities are arising significantly in Mr. Bonar Law's favour. Real bankruptcy on the part of Germany would not please America, who at last is awakening to the curious consequence of draining Europe of gold. To get an equation with the West we must get out of the East, that is the position. It is Mosul (oil) or American credit. Those of us who prefer Chicago pork, even under a world food combine, to Venizelosean Byzantinism will not hesitate; but will the new Government? I doubt it. Mosul will prove the crux of the situation. The key of Mosul lies in American policy stated recently by Mr. Hoover and characteristically not reported in our Press. He made this startling pronouncement, that the world owed Europe before the war 30,000,000,000 dollars, or three times the total debt now owed by Europe to America, and that

though this creditor position had partly shifted from the Eastern to the Western hemisphere, it had only partly shifted. That statement was made on the eve of the Turkish crisis. It is America's answer to Mosul, or oil, and largely explains the Turkish attitude, also sundry other unexpected things which have lately happened here. If we stand to the San Remo agreement and take Mosul we shall find our credit position with America becoming more difficult. If we gave back Mosul to Turkey, we could overnight reach an equation with Turkey, America, and Italy. We could retrieve our position. Yet Lord Curzon's ten points to Turkey (also not published in our Press) expressly rule out Mosul. Behind Turkey on this oil question are America and France, and if we stick to this annexation America will stick to our debt precisely as we stick to Reparations—as a policy of anything but tranquillity. Over the "freedom of the Straits" we have a first-class fighting issue, which will not be settled at Lausanne; also we may reckon with France's abandonment of Syria, according to plan. Let us hope that Labour, now a party, will give up playing the bogey of a capital levy, which G. B. S. has ruled out, and severely concentrate on the land and the cause of our unemployment, which is foreign policy and the Treaties. There, opinion has still to be educated. There, England can obtain an alignment with America. There, we can bring back politics to realities and rid ourselves of that war-legacy, propaganda which has for so long stifled helpful discussion and even led stolid English bankers to buy German marks. Otherwise the next speculative wave will be the franc, for to expect Germany to bankrupt herself to save the franc would really be too much even for the intelligence of the men, not a few of whom are in the present Government, who thought that the mechanism of Reparations was a cheque on an Aladdin's cave and forgot the only thing that mattered—the exchange. The real issue before Mr. Bonar Law is not the levy, is not home policy, it is simply whether the peace is to continue to be economic and commercial war as laid down by the Treaties. If so, he can only perform patch-work. He inherits his own legacy. His problem will be the ex-Premier's—our attitude to Europe in association with France. Little else will matter.



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MAINLY EAST. By MRS. ALEC TWEEDIE. Hutchinson. 16*s.* net.

THAT indefatigable traveller, Mrs. Alec Tweedie, once more grown weary of politics, society, and jazz bands, started out in 1919 on a 50,000-mile tour, chiefly in the East: Japan, Palestine, India, the Greek Islands, Constantinople, Smyrna, Sudan, Spain, the Himalayas, etc., and in this volume, in that jaunty style which has endeared her to a considerable public, she relates her experiences. Herself she is a curious mixture of man, the pioneer, and woman, the conservative. She generalises fiercely right and left. She is a ferocious patriot, a voracious imperialist, contemptuously anti-socialist—in fact, a typical woman who decides by instinct. Often she is right. She tells us to clear out of Palestine. She is for firmness in India and in the Empire generally, and, having great courage and enormous vitality, she certainly saw an extraordinary lot of the various peoples who somehow do homage to Britain. Many of the illustrations are her own, and they are very interesting. This book will increase the admiration of her admirers.

MODERN TROUBADOURS. By LENA ASHWELL. Gyldendal. 5*s.* net.

MISS LENA ASHWELL'S record of the concerts at the front tells eloquently the story of the concert parties which did so much to keep

up the moral of the men at the front. As with a good many other new things, official recognition was hard to win, but recognition quickly followed upon experiment. Here we get the reactions of the war zone upon a mind sensitive to see splendour and humour amidst suffering and chaotic mud—a series of impressions of hospitals and improvised theatres, long journeys over roads in all sorts of vehicles and weather, all illuminated by the fine spirit of the men, their fortitude in suffering, and their delight in the glimpses of joy and music so delightfully brought to them amidst the horrible drab monotony of war. Where the six hundred artists went—and they went everywhere—how the money was raised, and how energy and determination triumphed over difficulties, are the least part of the book, although these things also should be, and are, told. What gives this volume its chief charm is the series of glimpsed life seen by the receptive and sympathetic eyes of the authoress and her eloquent telling of them.

FICTION.

THE PIT-PROP SYNDICATE. By FREEMAN WILLS CROFTS. Wm. Collins, Sons & Co. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

SINCE *Trent's Last Case* there has been no book save *The Man with the Club Foot* to attract the intelligent reader of detective stories except *The Cask* and its two successors. The method, essentially, is to work out a logical sequence of circumstances with almost academic detail. In *The Cask* the thesis is plausible, given the general licence as to probability accorded to mysteriographers. In *The Ponson Case* he is trying to beat his own record for being ingenious, and the result is that the book resembles a modern chess problem; everything is sacrificed to the demonstration of an elaborate thematic construction. This method is less obtrusive in *The Pit-Prop Syndicate;* but it is there, and Mr. Crofts will do well to alloy it with some softer and more brilliant metal. The book is an intensely close-woven sorites; it proceeds from a trivial and doubtful chance observation to an inexorable engine of destruction. The course of events is admirably natural; the issue is, indeed, almost philosophically ineluctable. The interest is excellently well sustained, despite the fact that the main mystery is disclosed long before the climax. It is a stroke of fine art to make that climax commonplace. But the characterisation is less Rembrandtesque than that in *The Cask;* there is nobody who grips the imagination and etches the memory as did Felix, his beloved and her husband in that book. But at least Mr. Crofts does not fail in the first art of the story-teller; he tells a story. He has the brains and the humanity to produce a masterpiece. *The Moonstone* and *The Woman in White* are the true models; the characters of Wilkie Collins are people involved in a mystery, not evolved by it. But what about the licence numbers on the lorries? The case turns on that.

SEVEN FOR A SECRET. By MARY WEBB. Hutchinson. 7*s.* 6*d.*

THE eternal story of love moving to happy mating through temptation, misunderstanding and "the evil that men do," told with wide human sympathy, insight and a quiet humour which illuminates everything with the light of Mrs. Webb's own philosophy of life. Besides

depicting the growth of a soul—its evolution from selfish girlhood to that of self-sacrificial motherhood—Mary Webb has succeeded in the presentation of her other characters, projecting them through convincing situation and often humorous dialogue, so that they attain objective reality. Nevertheless, the authoress in this, as in her other work, is charmingly self-revealing. Her love of Nature, her use of its moods and phases as frankly expressionistic settings for her episodes, show her close observation; her sympathy with and love of animals, which has been the keynote of earlier books and stories, is in this volume invested in the powerful personality of her hero. One feels that she reacts to the great silences and finds them to her imaginative and poetic vision indeed "golden." And the "secret that has never been told"? Did Gillian find it through the light and darkness of her experiences? Did Robert wrest it from his devotion to the wide hill-places and to his love? Or was it left for Ailse, driven dumb by cruelty and sent forth into the final and greatest silences? Mary Webb's book has something of mysticism in it and much of the passionate heart-beating of humanity.

A Hind in Richmond Park. By W. H. Hudson. Dent. 16*s*.

Has one accounted for Hudson by saying that he was a naturalist, of sorts, with an obsession for a peculiar type of animism, and that he could write extraordinarily fine prose? One might as well describe Sir Thomas Browne, of immortal memory, as a silly old crank with a passion for sonorous sentences. Less scientific than Hudson in observation, Browne, the Norfolk physician, hunting for urns and skulls while the tide of civil war swept the country, was an artist, a poet, who took for his *métier*—like all poets—the recording of events in his own thought-world and the developments in his soul. Hudson, a greater natural artist, did no more and no less; although the materials of his books are collected in Patagonia as well as in Richmond Park, on the Pampas as well as on the English Downs. Hudson is a world to himself; a beautiful world of green mansions, possibly; but a world familiar with the tragic sorrows of mankind. And he has translated himself into a beautiful medium. No artist can do so much without becoming important to the life of his fellows, for it may be that the essential function of poetry is to influence the course of evolution by "dreaming on things to come." In Hudson's case the poet is seen with unusual clarity holding infinity in the palm of his hand, beholding the future tree in the present grain of seed. That is why Hudson's "animism" is important. Not because of its scientific authority, but by reason of the hint it conveys of a future type of man who has while advancing spiritually also recaptured some of the sense-knowledge and naturalness of animals. *A Hind in Richmond Park* should be placed in the hands of every doubter of the greatness of Hudson's genius. The reader is not merely delighted by the journey with him from a hind chewing acorns in Richmond Park *viâ* a hundred themes concerning the life of man, animal, and plant to the place of art in life, with which his last volume ends. One learns new facts and new aspects, and one sees new vistas opening into reality: for Hudson is poet as well as naturalist. What appears to be inconsequence—a very pleasing, surprising inconsequence—in the train of his ideas, always justifies itself

en route round the universe of thought, just as the end of a true poem justified the beginning, or as death consummates life. Hudson's remarks to Mr. Morley Roberts (related by the latter in an interesting "Prefatory Note") are significant of the unconscious although unerring plant-like growth of this book of eighteen chapters plus "conclusions" about "the infernal question of the meaning of art." How challenging those "conclusions" are one should read the book to see.

THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD. By SIR PHILIP GIBBS. Hutchinson. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

SIR PHILIP'S post-war love story is also post-matrimonial. Major Bertram Pollard, D.S.O., M.C., has married, in the days of exaltation, Lady Joyce, the daughter of a hundred earls, a perfect example of the spoiled beauty of a rapid but exclusive and reactionary set. Pollard is only a "middle," and has learned sympathy with the lives of his men—he is also not very tactful, although desperately affectionate and honest—so, naturally, the marriage is a failure; but this does not matter, for it serves to give contrasting views upon the post-war situation, and serves also to send Pollard upon a pilgrimage of investigation of the European situation. We see, through his eyes, France, Germany, and Russia of the moment, and get incisive pictures of the state of men's minds and the trend of political and economic forces which confront us now, or, at any rate, did in the recent past. A sister married to a German officer, living in Berlin, is a pathetic and useful figure in this enquiry, whilst the American Relief Association carries the hero, and the enquiry, to Moscow, St. Petersburg, and Kazan. These Russian pictures under the waning Bolshevist *régime* are of dreadful interest. Famine and typhus are drawn with appalling realism, only relieved by the selfless devotion of splendid souls. That there is a sort of reconciliation between the husband and wife, grown wiser, does not matter so much as the very remarkable presentation of the factors in a situation still plastic. The story is a good story, full of admirably interesting and cleverly drawn people; but it is as a contribution to the comprehension of actualities, too frequently distorted or ignored, that this remarkable book grips the imagination. The middle of the road is not always the safest place, in spite of the adage; but for an honest mind conscious of alternative precipices it is the only way to safety. A book of exceptional force and insight.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

MY MEMORIES, 1878-1918. By EX-KAISER WILLIAM II. Cassell. 25*s*. net.

THOUGH crabbed in the Press, this book of the ex-Kaiser, who was to be beheaded but married instead, is of real importance, contributing to the chain of evidence as to the true origin of the Great War; in this sense we touch on it here. No doubt, he pictures himself in rose colours, omitting much, including his own braggadocio and mediæval tendencies; and to-day, looking back, we cannot avoid the conclusion that the Kaiser was a cleverer man than we thought, but fundamentally

weak, and in particular in moments of crisis. What this confession shows are these new points: (1) The famous Krüger telegram was forced upon him. (2) He it was who refused France and Russia's offer to attack Britain in the Boer War—a fact always acknowledged by Queen Victoria. (3) He did climb down over Morocco. (4) He had an ideal chance to fight France and Russia any time during the Boer War or during Russia's war with Japan. (5) He tells the story of Haldane's mission, heralded by Sir E. Cassel, truthfully. (6) He reveals the so-called "Gentleman's Alliance" of 1897 between Anglo-Saxons *versus* Germany. (7) He refused Chamberlain's offer because it was aimed specifically against Russia. (8) He dwells emphatically on our "encirclement" policy. Of course, he writes *ex parte*, but he has revealed certain things which history will take grave cognisance of: thus the finding of British war material in Belgium placed there in 1913. In short, this book affords further irrefutable truth that the war was the result of the war system and of Franco-Russian policy, to which we were attached—Germany, without statesmanship, tumbling consciously and stupidly into war, attached to the Achilles heel of Austria.

A Short History of the World. By H. G. Wells. Cassell. 15*s*. net.

This remarkable follow-on of Mr. Wells's *Outline* reduces history to an intelligent story to be read, as the author suggests, "like a novel"; and, regarded in that light, it certainly serves a very useful purpose. Till quite recently, history to the young has meant little but a jumble of dates, battles, kings, and difficult names; but now new methods are rising, and history is being taken up by the artist. All this is excellent. If a boy reads this book he will understand a tremendous lot of the world's story, and it should colour his whole approach to life. And this is Mr. Wells's chief merit. He has the artist's courage. He begins with fumes in place of dogma; he leads one on to processes of evolution, from nebula to pterodactyls, thence to the Neanderthal man, and so on right up to the Great War—all in 400 pages, copiously illustrated. Undaunted, he refuses the cut-and-dried theories; he really teaches a new moral significance of man and his purpose. This Wells is splendid. The book is a feat. Every schoolboy and girl should have a go at this easy introduction to world understanding; it is the very book for Christmas.

Mr. Wells excels in difficulties, thus the early portion is much better than later parts where the exact knowledge is far more satisfactory. He rather suffocates Greece, is unkind to Rome, is a bit muddled in the years B.C., but he brings out the cultural importance of the Arabs, the significance of the Mongols, and has not been afraid to point out the devastating effects of militant Christianity upon humanity. In fact, this is the true schoolmaster's work: highly intelligent, free, suggestive, moral, compressed with genius into narrative form. This is Wells at his best. This kind of work will kill Carlyle and the physical-force historiographers, and out of it we shall get a new meaning of history, a new attitude, and a totally new method of estimating the past, the present, and the future.

BOOKS

POETRY.

SELECTED POEMS. By ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER. Heinemann. 5*s.* net.

THE fact that Mr. Schauffler's verses have occasionally appeared in our pages and that his witty, wise apology for American poetry, "American Poetry Comes of Age," will be fresh in the memory of our readers, gives an added interest to our welcome of this pleasant volume of selections from his poems now published in England. Mr. Schauffler is of the philosophic order of poets concerned with the questionings and imaginings of the average man, normal but more so—not like Shakespeare to the *n*th degree—but without any affectation of the subliminal; musical because he is a musician, making dainty music from ideas which come prosily to most of us. His guesses at the mind of the child and its long inheritance put delightfully the unspoken speculations of most parents. His "Magic Dictionary" gives us back complete mute attractions and repulsions in words, and in all his remarkably pleasant numbers one feels the modern mind winged with the freshness and delight of poetic expression. Sometimes he touches the high note, as in "The White Comrade" and the fine "Scum o' the Earth," and in all his numbers there is a lively play of wit and a sensitive delight in form.

LAST POEMS. By A. E. HOUSMAN. Grant Richards. 5*s.* net.

TWENTY-FIVE years is modern immortality, but *The Shropshire Lad* will claim a longer day than this. A generation after we meet him again with enthusiasm rather damped by the threat of the title, but then "last" means "latest" as well. The same elusive magic, perhaps a bit greyer, but still with the great note of old folk-songs, telling of the tragic comedy of living, being young, being old, being dead and forgotten. The same simple chime packed with a broken, jolly heart. The men who fought the French and the men who fought the Germans meet in their English love of cakes and ale and the girls at Ludlow Fair; they are all Shropshire lads, full men if disillusioned. Only a little does the Don get through in "Epithalamium," in "Hell Gate," and in "The Oracles," which bewray him in their stately, scholarly measure; but for the rest the Shropshire lad is still amongst his hills and moors—a brave philosopher of the soil which made him, unspoiled by Anno Domini. No! not last poems! not yet!

PIXIES' PLOT. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. Grant Richards. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

LAST little bit of garden left to nature is "Pixies' Plot." The analogue is phantasy in the poet's mind:

> "Herein a gentler dawn than day
> Shall often break,
> For footsore spirits tired of reason's ache,
> And children come to play."

And so we get the mystical and magical of what is beyond the light of day, prettily put down and a little eked out with seeds that are not quite self-sown. "The Sandhills," for example, one of the best,

is the boy on the seashore recaptured by the man; but there are many of these little numbers which have the touch of the beyond: some which are proper West-country, too, and at least one which echoes that other Devonshire man Herrick. Extremely acceptable stuff—sometimes better than this, and always best when least elegant.

SHORTER LYRICS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. By W. H. DAVIES. The Poetry Bookshop. 5*s*. net.

AN anthology of poems and not of poets, Mr. Davies tells us in the first breath of a witty foreword, in which he repudiates any "patriotic" aim—any aim, indeed, but beauty. This he gives in abundance from names well known and many preferred into this pleasant company, wearing their wedding garment with worthiness, but strangers. Although modern of the century there is little of the free verse in this assembly. Well presented, a poem a page, this collection of poems by a poet is a little library of delight to which to turn and turn again. The indices of titles and authors make for quick handiness.

POLITICS.

LITHUANIA. By E. J. HARRISON. T. Fisher Unwin. 16*s*. net.

AMONG the re-created peoples of a peace of which the main motive was to whack or pulverise Germany, Lithuania is one, and Mr. Harrison is her apologist. He performs this task with considerable skill. He shows the linguistic interest of this non-Slav people who were once a great power: how Russia absorbed them and crushed out their life, how after the peace of liberation Poland, in defiance of the Treaty, also sought to absorb and crush their life. They are a pleasing, quiet, homely nation of woodmen, but unfortunately it is difficult to see how they can be an economic unit, or how, between Germany, Russia and Poland, they can hope to escape the inevitable consequences in life of absorption by the fittest, whether by war or economics. At any rate this is a carefully compiled book and probably the best thing on Lithuania in this language.

OLD DIPLOMACY AND NEW. By A. L. KENNEDY, M.C. J. Murray. 18*s*. net.

THE foreign policy, or the instrumentation of peace and war, is certain to occupy the minds of all Europe for at least a generation; this careful compilation performs a useful task, and we strongly advise all interested to read it. The author is a strong patriot rather in the old sense, and hardly realises the forces moving upwards towards a real new diplomacy which, if it is to succeed, must get right away from the idea of force as the biological right of nations. In this work we sense the workings of secret diplomacy and realise how impossible is escape without a complete new attitude, and especially in the war period Mr. Kennedy preserves a rigidly sane balance which makes the book not only important for purposes of reference but timely and useful. Quietly, yet convincingly, he shows up the faults of the Coalition foreign policy which culminated in its own rout.

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By AUGUSTE SCHLÜTER. With a Foreword by Sir BASIL THOMSON, and Illustrated. Cloth. **7/6** net.

The Christmas issue of "M.A.B." (Mainly About Books) contains an article of special interest to lovers of JOSEPH CONRAD *books. Price 4d., post free.*

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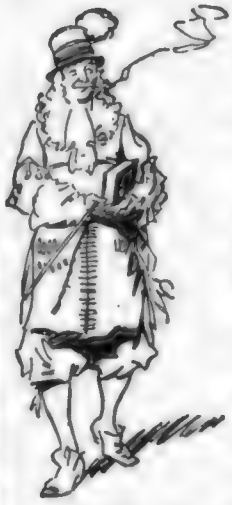

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IN AND OUT

THIS BONDAGE

A Burlesque Literary Advertisement

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY

(An apology. One of the daily newspapers recently referred to me as the writer of the most literary advertisements. Suppose I succumbed to fiction instead of suggesting fact? What would be the result? Here is a terrible example of an attempted "best seller" of trousers.)

Oxford, Oxford! My God, my God, my Youth!

And now selling trousers. My God, my Youth! My God, my trousers!

Mysterious world! Wonderful world! A world gyrating by strange amazing circumstance! Extraordinary world! Full of poetry! Full of farce! Full of tragedy! Full of trousers!

A world ruled by trousers—or people in them, of either sex.

Wonderful trousers! Mysterious trousers! Enthralling trousers! My God!

Absorbing trousers! I wonder?

Fay fawns on them. Rosemary adores them. Gladys glorifies them. But does Bill like 'em? My God, I wonder? My God, I hope so!

Strike on!

This bondage of Bond Street! This eternal bifurcation of thought. These perpetual puffs! This unutterable bilge! My God, Oxford! And, my God, Cambridge, too!

Mysterious Bond Street! Clever, natty Bond Street! Yet still enormously autocratic Bond Street! Astounding Bond Street!

Strike on! Strike anywhere. But certainly not in Bond Street.

Strangely proud Bond Street! No mice or mumps about it, no rats or rheumatism. Only ink and Income Tax. Ferocious ink, terrific Income Tax. Bitter and infuriated ink, swollen and outrageous Income Tax. My God, my Youth! My God, my dotage!

* * * * * * *

This slight excursion into the realms of literary dementia is merely an excuse for my personal laziness. It would be splendid if I could permit myself to cultivate a style of free and frantic incoherence, for in a few days I could turn out sufficient "copy" to last a decade, and then proceed to lead a life of vicious ease. But this freedom, I fear, is not for me, so I must rest content with taking an occasional liberty. Strike off!

* * * * * * *

Apropos of nothing above, but merely to introduce the fact as the antidote to the fiction, the garments produced by Pope & Bradley are unquestionable in style, even if my literary lingerie is not. And the prices are not iniquitous. No one can say, "At a great sum obtained I these trousers." Lounge Suits from £9 9s. od. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. od. Dress Suits from £16 16s. od. Riding Breeches from £4 14s. 6d. Overcoats from £7 7s. od.

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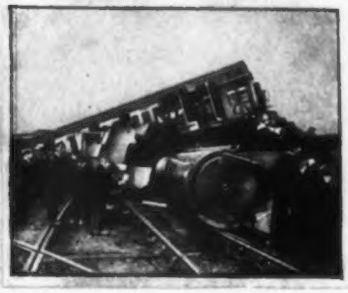

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